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The Poetical Works of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,
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ANOTHER great spirit has recently gone from the midst of us. It is now three months since the nation heard, with a deep though quiet sadness, that an aged man of venerable mien, who for fifty years had borne worthily the name of English poet, had at length disappeared from those scenes of lake and mountain, where, in stately care of his own worth, he had fixed his recluse abode, and passed forward, one star the more, into the still unfeatured future, whither all that lives is rolling, and whither, as he well knew and believed, the Shakespeares and Miltons, whom men count dead, had but as yesterday transferred their kindred radiance. When the news spread, it seemed as if our island were suddenly a man the poorer; some pillar or other notable object, long conspicuous on its broad surface, had suddenly fallen down. It is right, then, that we should detain our thoughts for a little in the vicinity of this event; that, the worldly course of such a man having now been ended, we should stand for a little around his grave, and think solemnly of what he was. Neither few nor unimportant, we may be sure, are the reflections that should suggest themselves over the grave of William Wordsworth.

Of the various mysteries that the human mind can contemplate none is more baffling, and at the same time more charming, to the understanding, than the nature of that law that determines the differences of power and mental manifestation between age and age. That all history is an evolution, that each generation inherits all that had been accumulated by its predecessor, and bequeathes in turn all that itself contains to its successor, is an idea to which, in one form or another, science binds us down. But, native as this idea now is in all cultivated minds, with how many facts, and with what a large proportion of our daily speech, does it not still stand in apparent contradiction! Looking back upon the past career of our race, does not the eye single out, as by instinct, certain epochs that are epochs of virtue and glory, and others that are epochs of frivolity and shame! Do we not speak of the age of Pericles in Greece, of the Augustan age in Rome, of the outburst of chivalry in modern Europe, of the noble era of Elizabeth in England, and of the sad decrepitude that followed it! And is there not a certain justice of perception in this mode of speaking! Does it not seem as if all ages were not equally favored from on high, gifts both moral and intellectual being vouchsafed to one that are all but withheld from another! As with individual men so with nations and with humanity at large, may not the hour of highest spiritual eleva-

tion and sternest moral resolve be nearest the hour of most absolute obliviousness and most profound degradation! Has not humanity also its moods, now brutal and full-acorned, large in physical device, and pregnant with the wit of unconcern; again, touched to higher things, tearful for very goodness, turning an upward eye to the stars, and shivering to its smallest nerve with the power and the sense of beauty! In rude and superficial expression of which fact, have not our literary men coined the common-place that a critical and sceptical age always follows an age of heroism and creative genius! These, we say, are queries which, though they may not be answered to their depths, it is still useful to point out and ponder. One remark only will we venture in connexion with them. According to one theory it is a sufficient explanation of these moral and intellectual changes in the spirit of nations, to suppose that they take place by a law of mere contagion or propagation from individual to individual. One man of powerful and original nature, or of unusually accurate perceptions, makes his appearance in some central, or, it may be, sequestered spot; he gains admirers or makes converts; disciples gather round him, or try to form an opinion of him from a distance; they, again, in their turn, affect others, till, at last, as the gloom of the largest church is slowly changed into brilliance by the successive lighting of all its lamps, so a whole country may, district by district, succumb to the peculiarity of a new influence. Now, this is perfectly true; and it would be indeed difficult to estimate the amazing efficacy of such a law of incessant diffusion from point to point over a surface; but we are convinced that this mode of representing the fact under notice does not convey the whole truth. Concerning even the silent pestilences we have been recently taught that they do not wholly depend on transmission from individual to individual, but are rather distinct derangements in the body of the earth itself, tremors among its electricities and imponderables, alterations of the sum-total of those material conditions wherewith human life has been associated. In like manner, as appears to us, must those streaming processes of sympathy and contagion, whereby a moral or intellectual change is diffused over a community, be regarded as but the superficial indications of a deep contemporaneous agitation pervading the whole frame of nature. From the mineral core of this vast world, outwards to the last thoughts, impulses, and conclusions of us its human inhabitants, there runs, as science teaches, a mystic law of intercourse and affinity, pledging its parts to act in concert. The moral and intellectual revolutions of our world, its wars, its new philosophies, its outbursts of creative genius, its profligate sinkings,

and its noble recoveries, all must rest, under the decree of supreme wisdom, on a concurrent basis of physical undulations and vicissitudes. When, therefore, a man starts up in any locality, charged with a new spirit or a new desire, there, be sure, the ground around him is similarly affected. New intellectual dispositions are like atmospheres; they overhang whole countries at once. It is not necessarily by communication or plagiarism that the thought excogitated to-day in London breaks out to-morrow in Edinburgh, or that persons in Göttingen and Oxford are found speculating at the same time in the same direction. In our own island, for example, it is a fact capable of experimental verification, that whatever is being thought at any one time in any one spot, is, with a very small amount of difference, being independently thought at the same time in fifty other places at all distances from each other. And yet it is equally true that in every moral or spiritual revolution there is always a leader, a forerunner, a man of originality, in whose individual bosom the movement seems to have been rehearsed and epitomized; and that, in the beginning of every such revolution, the power of contagion from man to man, and the machinery of the clique, school, or phalanx, must come into play.

We do not think that these remarks are too remote or abstract for the present occasion. The nineteenth century, it appears to us, is a sufficiently large portion of historic time: England is a sufficiently large portion of the historic earth; and the poetical literature of England, or of any other nation, is a sufficiently important element in that nation's existence to justify our viewing that remarkable phenomenon, *the revival of English poetry in the nineteenth century*, in the light of the most extreme general conceptions that can be brought to bear upon it. Against the preceding observations, therefore, as against what seems an appropriate background, let us try to bring out the main features of the phenomenon itself, so far at least as these can be exhibited with reference to the life and writings of its most "representative man." And first, of Wordsworth regarded historically.

From Dryden till about fifty years ago, say our authorities in literary history, was an era of poetical sterility in England. When Coleridge gave lectures in London on the English poets, he divided them into three lists or sections; the first including all the poets from Chaucer to Dryden; the second, all those from Dryden inclusive till the close of the eighteenth century; and the third, all those of his own generation. The view presented by him of the characters of these three periods relatively to each other, was essentially that conveyed in the strange theory of alternate ebb and flow, alternate immission and withdrawal of power, as regulating the progress of the universe. In other words, the first period was a period of strength, youth, and outburst; the second was a period of cleverness, conceit, and poverty; and the third was a period of revival. For, the poetic spirit

being one constant thing, a certain specific and invariable quality or state of the human soul, not capable of change from century to century, but the same of old, now, and forever, it follows that the history of poetry can present no other appearance than that of alternate excess and deficiency, alternate extinction and renovation. That is to say, accepting the poetry of Chaucer and Milton as true poetry, we cannot go on to defend the poetry of Pope and Johnson as true poetry of a different kind, and then, coming down to our own age, assert that its poetry is true poetry of a different kind still. Except in a very obvious sense, rendered necessary by convenience, it cannot be said these are kinds of poetry. The materials on which the poetic sense works are constantly varying; infinite, also, are the combinations of human faculty and will with which this sense may be structurally associated; but the sense itself, whensoever and in whomsoever it may be found, is still the same old thing that trembled in the heart of Homer. An age may have it or want it; may have more of it or less of it; may have it in conjunction with this or with that aggregate of other characteristics, but cannot abandon one form of it and take up another.

In these remarks we have embodied what we consider a very necessary caution. If much good has been done by that exaltation of meaning which the words poet and poetry have received from the hands of Coleridge and others, as well as by their kindred services in distinguishing so constantly and so emphatically between the terms reason and understanding, genius and talent, creation and criticism, we are not quite sure but that, at the same time, this infusion of new conceptions into our language has been productive of some mischief. Agreeing, upon the whole, with the sentence of condemnation which has been of late passed upon the poor eighteenth century; believing that it was a critical, negative, and unpoetic age; nay, even believing (however the belief is to be reconciled with the doctrine of continuous historic evolution) that it was one of those seasons of comparative diminution of the general vital energy of our species that we have already spoken of, we still think that too sweeping a use has been made of this notion and its accessories by a certain class of writers. Let us illustrate our meaning by an example. Keats, the poet, and James Mill, the historian of India, were contemporaries. The one, according to the language introduced by Coleridge, was a man of genius; the other was a man of talent. In the soul of Keats, if ever in a human soul at all, there was a portion of the real poetic essence—the real faculty divine; Mr. Mill, on the other hand, had probably as little of the poet in his composition as any celebrated man of his time; but he was a man of hard metal, of real intellectual strength, and of unyielding rectitude. In certain exercises of the mind he could probably have crushed Keats, who certainly was no weakling, as easily as a giant could crush a babe. But, suppose the two men to have set together on Hampstead Heath

in a starry night, which of them would have been the stronger—which would have known the most ecstatic pulses? Or, to make the case still more decisive, suppose the two men to have been Keats and Aristotle; Keats a consumptive poetic boy, and Aristotle the intellect of half a world. Does not such a contrast bring out the real injustice that has been done to many truly great and good men by the habit which, since the time of Coleridge, has become general, of placing all the men that belong to the so-called category of genius in one united mass above all that only rank in the category of talent? For, granting, as we certainly do, the reality of some such distinction as implied between the two substantives, is it not clear that the general mass of mind possessed by a man reputed to belong to the inferior category, and consequently, also, his general power to influence the soul of the world, may exceed a thousand times that possessed by a man of the other? In other words, may not a man rank so high in the one kind, that even allowing the kind itself to be inferior, it may be said with truth that he is a hundred times greater a man than some specified lower man in the other? Practically, the tenor of these remarks is that we are in the present day committing an injustice by following the tendency of our young Coleridgians to restrict the meaning of the quantitative word "greatness" within the limits of the merely qualitative word "genius." And, speculatively, their tenor may be expressed in the proposition that this quality or mode of mind called genius, the poetic sense, creative power, and so on, may exist in association with all possible varieties of intellectual or cerebral vigor, from the mediocrity of a Kirke White or an Anacreon up to the stupendousness of a Shakespeare. It is thus, that while agreeing in the main with the opinion that from Dryden to the close of the next hundred years was a poetic interregnum, we would still make our peace with those who would fight the battle of the much abused eighteenth century; and that we would steer clear of the controversy whether Pope was a poet. As deficiency in poetic power does not imply corresponding deficiency in what may be called ordinary cerebral vigor, so the eighteenth century, though admitted to have been unpoetic, may have been a very respectable century notwithstanding; and even were we to exclude Pope from the class of poets (which most certainly we would not) we might still hold him to have been a phenomenon in literature, not, on that account, a whit the less remarkable. A deeper analysis would carry us further into the question as to the connection between poetic power and general intellect in individuals and in ages; but here we must stop.

Having thus explained in what sense we understand that general assertion regarding the low state of English poetry in the eighteenth century, (part of the seventeenth included,) with which the name of Wordsworth is irrevocably associated, let us attend a little to the facts of the case. In what did the sterility of English poetry in that age consist, and what words would best describe

it? Here Wordsworth himself comes to our aid. The following is from an Appendix to the Preface to the second edition of his "Lyrical Ballads," published in 1800; the subject under discussion is *Poetic Diction*.

The earliest poets of all nations generally wrote from passion excited by real events; they wrote naturally and as men; feeling powerfully as they did, their language was daring and figurative. In succeeding time, poets, and men ambitious of the fame of poets, perceiving the influence of such language, and desirous of producing the same effect without being animated with the same passion, set themselves to a mechanical adoption of these figures of speech, and made use of them, sometimes with propriety, but much more frequently applied them to feelings and thoughts with which they had no natural connexion whatsoever. A language was thus insensibly produced, differing materially from the real language of men in *any situation*. The reader or hearer of this distorted language found himself in a perturbed and unusual state of mind; when affected by the genuine language of passion he had been in a perturbed and unusual state of mind also; in both cases he was willing that his common judgment and understanding should be laid asleep, and he had no instinctive and infallible perception of the true to make him reject the false; the one served as a passport for the other. The emotion was in both cases delightful, and no wonder if he confounded the one with the other, and believed them both to be produced by the same, or similar causes. Besides, the poet spake to him in the character of a man to be looked up to, a man of genius and authority. Thus, and from a variety of other causes, this distorted language was received with admiration; and poets, it is probable, who had before contented themselves for the most part with misapplying only expressions which at first had been dictated by real passion, carried the abuse still further, and introduced phrases composed apparently in the spirit of the original figurative language of passion, yet altogether of their own invention, and characterized by various degrees of wanton deviation from good sense and nature. * * * Perhaps in no way, by positive example, could be more easily given a notion of what I mean by the phrase *poetic diction* than by referring to a comparison between the metrical paraphrases which we have of passages in the Old and New Testament, with those passages as they exist in our common translation. By way of immediate example, take the following of Dr. Johnson:—

Turn on the prudent ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labors, sluggard, and be wise;
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigor, and enchain thy powers?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose,
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambushed foe.

From this hubbub of words pass to the original. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or

ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, yet a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."

To sum up the views thus presented by Wordsworth of the state of English poetry after Milton, it may be said that at that time the nation, having lost much of the genuine poetical power it had formerly possessed, but still preserving a form of composition to which it had been so long and so powerfully accustomed, began to regard the essence of poetry as lying in metre, accompanied by a certain peculiar and artificial phraseology called poetic diction; thus begetting that exaggerated antithesis between poetry and prose with which our language is still infected. Instead of regarding the poetic faculty as consisting in a mode or attitude of the mind, distinguishable, on the one hand, from the scientific mode or attitude whose function is investigation or exposition, and, on the other hand, from the oratorical mode or attitude whose function is to excite or stimulate in a particular direction—they made poetry to consist in a mode of language, and they estimated the value of a poet according to the degree of mastery he had attained in the use of this mode of language, and the degree of general mental power and resource he could manifest through it. Hence, in the first place, a gradual increase of departure in metrical composition from the idioms and combination of words deemed appropriate to prose; and, in the second place, a gradual reduction of the range of metre itself to certain fixed varieties and methods of versification, which the older poets, who did not so much assort their thoughts to rhymes as let the thoughts flow out in their own rhythm, would have disdained as much as a natural cascade would disdain the assistance of pipes. But while an exaggerated antithesis was thus established between prose and poetry, it by no means followed that a very wide separation was drawn between the devotees of the one and those of the other. Poetry was indeed a different form of diction from prose; but then, as it was not difficult for a clever man to acquire two forms of diction, one might very well be both a poet and a prose-writer. To pass from prose to poetry was but to pass, as it were, from one's town to one's country house. Hence it was that so many of the literary men of last century had a reputation both in prose and in verse. General mental vigor carried an author triumphantly through either form of composition. Wit, sarcasm, strength, manliness, whatever qualities of intellect or disposition could earn respect for a writer in prose, were all capable—with a little training, or a slight native impulse towards the picturesque, to aid him—of being transfused into metre. The best poetry of the age was, accordingly, rather wit or reflection expressed in metre than real poetry in the strict sense of the word. And here lies the de-

fence of the poets of that time, as well as their condemnation. Of many of them it may be denied that they were poets; but of almost all of them it may be asserted that they were men of general mental vigor. In our disquisitions concerning them, therefore, let not this be forgotten. If Johnson was no poet, he was a very ponderous and noble old fellow, nevertheless; and even the purists that would clip the laurels of Dryden and Pope, must admit that we have no such manly literati as the former now-a-days about Leicester Square, and that the other was a diamond of the first water.

But the change came at length. By the mysterious operation of those laws that determine the risings and the sinkings of the mental state of humanity as a whole there seemed to be effected, towards the close of the eighteenth century, a sudden increase of the vital energy of the species. Humanity assumed a higher mood; a deep agitation, as if from a fresh electric discharge out of space into the solid body of our planet, shook the soul of the world, and (God so willing) left it troubled and excited. The two most conspicuous and extensive manifestations of this heightened state of the world's consciousness were, in the region of speculation, the promulgation of the transcendental philosophy in Germany, and in the region of action, the French Revolution. But as if the same spirit which burst forth in these two great eruptions also sought vent through smaller and apparently unconnected orifices all over Europe, there were not wanting other significant indications of the change that was transacting itself. In Germany, seemingly apart from the transcendental philosophy, though in reality deriving strength from it through a subterranean conduit, a new literature came forth under the care, first of Lessing, and then of Goethe. And in our own country, sprinkled over as it had been in spots by the sound and fertile philosophy of Reid, there was a feebler exhibition of the same phenomenon. Even in the age of reputed degeneracy there had been men of the true poetic spark. Dryden and Pope may not have kept it pure, but they assuredly had it; Gray, notwithstanding the dreadful disintegration to which his Elegy has been submitted by modern critics, did certainly possess the ear and sensibility of a poet; Collins and Goldsmith were men of musical heart; and Thomson, Wordsworth himself being judge, was a genuine child of rural nature. Nor here, whatever other names are left unmentioned, let his be forgotten, the Boy of Bristol, the drunken choir-singer's posthumous son, who was found dead in his garret in Brook Street, Holborn, on the 25th of August, 1770. But the real poetic outburst came after these men had been removed from the scene, and was plainly a consequence of that general commotion of the whole earth to which we have already alluded. Its earliest unmistakable signs may be said to have been given in the works of Cowper and Burns. In the bard of Olney, valedudinarian as he was, the new force that was pent

up in the heart of nature found an English mind that it could compel to speak for it; and when the swarthy Scottish ploughman filled the Lowlands with his songs, it was clear that the process of reformation had been completed as regarded this Island, to its last spontaneous results, and that every acre of the British earth had become instinct and pregnant with the novel fire.

Accordingly, this was the period of the birth and training of new English poets. Crabbe, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, were children of this period, and in all of them—their peculiar differences allowed for to the utmost—the new spirit was visible. It was assigned to Wordsworth, however, more than to any other man, to be conscious of the fact, that such a new spirit had been breathed into the world at all, and to conclude the process of its diffusion through society, by bringing into play the powers of theoretical exposition through the press, and personal influence over distinguished contemporaries. Born among the Cumberland hills, in the year 1770, that is, in the year of Chatterton's death, Wordsworth was but eleven years younger than Burns. It is pleasant to think that these two men, though they never met, were near neighbors. From within half a mile of Burns' house at Ellisland, the Cumberland mountains may be seen; and since the days of Drayton, the Scottish Scruffel and the English Skiddaw have mutually recognized each other in popular verse. Wordsworth himself, on visiting the land of Burns, called this fact to mind,—

Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends,
By Skiddaw seen—
Neighbors we were, and loving friends
We might have been.

When Burns died, at the age of thirty-seven, Wordsworth was a young man of twenty-six. He had been destined for the church, and for that purpose, had graduated at St. John's, Cambridge; but, caught as he had been from the first, by the new spirit of song, then hanging most powerfully, as it would seem, over both shores of the Solway, he had already recognized his proper office, and consecrated his life to the muses. In 1793, the year of the publication by Burns of the fourth edition of his poems, Wordsworth had given to the world his first productions—two poems in the heroic couplet, entitled, respectively, "An Evening Walk, addressed to a Young Lady," and "Descriptive Sketches, taken during a pedestrian tour among the Alps." These two compositions are slender enough for modern reading; but how powerful was the impression that they produced on some minds by the peculiarity of their style, may be inferred from the following testimony of another youthful poet, who, coming to Cambridge immediately after Wordsworth had left it, naturally took an interest in what his predecessor had done. "During the last year of my residence at Cambridge," says Coleridge, "I became acquainted

with Mr. Wordsworth's first publication, entitled, 'Descriptive Sketches;' and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced." It was not till 1796, however, that the two poets became personally known to each other. Like Coleridge, Wordsworth, who had travelled, and resided in France during the fervors of the French Revolution, partook, though in a moderate degree, of the social enthusiasm of the time; and the two aspirants having gone to live together for a summer, in a pleasant retreat on the coast of Somersetshire, their demeanor, as Coleridge informs us in his *Biographia Literaria*, attracted so much local attention, that government was induced to send a spy to watch them. The poor man, however, after dogging them for some weeks in their walks, acquitted them of any disloyal intention, and even became ashamed of his office, feeling sure, as he said, from their continual talking of one *Spy-Nosy*, as they sat together for hours on a sand-bank, behind which he lay concealed, that they had detected him, and were making game of him. As Wordsworth's temporary sympathies with the French Revolution may be supposed to have placed him in vital connection with one of the two great phenomena in which, as we have said, the sudden access of new energy to the human race as a whole at that time declared itself; so, we may also suppose, these seaside conversations of his about *Spy-Nosy*, with the "noticeable man with large gray eyes," must have placed him in sufficient connection with the other phenomenon, the Transcendental Philosophy. Moreover, in 1798, the two friends made a tour together in Germany; and whatever speculative insight was obtained by Coleridge during his whole life, was evidently communicated, if not in the form of creed, at least in the form of conception, to the less analytic poet.

In 1798, Wordsworth published his "Lyrical Ballads," to the second edition of which, printed in 1800, he appended his first prose exposition of those principles on which as a poet he professed to write, and to which Coleridge, by the fact of his association with him in the publication (the "Ancient Mariner" appeared in companionship with the "Lyrical Ballads") virtually gave in his adhesion. Wordsworth's next publication was in 1807, when he printed in two volumes a variety of poems composed in preceding years. Meanwhile he had married, and retired to his native Lakes, to lead among their quiet beauties the tranquil life he deemed alone suitable to the poetic nature. Southey's subsequent retirement to the same part of the country, and Coleridge's frequent visits to it, gave occasion to the celebrated nickname of the "Lake School," applied to the three poets and their followers. With the exception of a few tour in Scotland and the Continent, and occasional journeys to the metropolis, the whole remain-

der of Wordsworth's long life was spent among the Lakes. Here, in the enjoyment of worldly competence, he walked, boated, wrote, and attended church; hence from time to time he issued his new poems, or collections of poems, accompanied by prefaces or dissertations, intended to illustrate their peculiar character; and here, in the bosom of his admiring family, he received the chance visits of such stray worshippers as came privileged with letters of introduction, talking with them in a cold, stately way, and not unfrequently (be the truth distinctly spoken) shocking them by the apparent egotism with which he referred to or quoted his own poetry; the inordinate indifference he displayed towards most things besides; the painful rigor with which he exacted from those around him every outward mark of respect and attention; and the seriousness with which he would repeat the most insignificant words that had been uttered in his praise. These particulars regarding the man, are already irrevocably before the public in our books of literary gossip, and may not, therefore, be wholly omitted even in a notice dedicated to the poet. But whatever may have been his bearing in the presence of other men, Wordsworth must have been at least modest and cordial in his communion with Nature. And it is thus that we should remember him; not as the pleasant ornament of the social board, lavishing the kind word and the hearty repartee; not as the self-forgetting enthusiast of the hour, burning his way through crowds, and drawing adoration and love in his train; but, as he was in his old age, the conscious patriarch of English poesy, the gray-haired and hard-featured recluse, shunning the haunts of men, yet with a benevolent hand for the familiar woes of the neighborhood which knew and honored him; accustomed to walk alone by day amid the woods; to pace muttering by the ripple of a lake in the moonlight; or, standing half way up a mountain, to turn his pale, unearthly eye towards the heaven of stars. Such he was through all the turmoil of a generation into which, almost alone of his coevals, he had lived to advance; and such he was till, in his eighty-first year, death took him.

The nature of the revolution effected by Wordsworth in the state of English poetry will be best understood by attending to the general tenor of certain propositions advanced and illustrated by him in his various Prefaces and Dissertations between 1800 and 1820. On these propositions, as supplementary to his general critical onslaught on the poetry of the previous age, he may be supposed to have rested his claims to be considered not only a poet, but also the father of a new poetical era.

Poetry, according to Wordsworth, "takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity;" what the poet chiefly does, or ought to do, is to represent, out of real life, scenes and passions of an affecting or exciting character. Now, men

originally placed in such scenes, or animated by such passions, use a nervous and exquisite language expressly adapted for the occasion by nature herself; and the poet, therefore, in imitating such scenes or passions, will recall them more vividly in proportion as he can succeed in employing the same language. Only one consideration should operate to make him modify that language; the consideration, namely, that his business as a poet is to give pleasure. All such words or expressions, therefore, as, though natural in the original transaction of a passionate scene, would be unpleasant or disgusting in its poetic rehearsal, must be omitted. Pruned and weeded in accordance with this negative rule, any description of a moving occurrence, whether in prose or verse, would be true poetry. But to secure still more perfectly their great end of giving pleasure while they excite emotion, poets have devised the artificial assistance of metre or verse. The rationale of the use of metre consists in this, that it provides for the reader or hearer a succession of minute pleasurable surprises apart from and independent of the emotion produced by the matter for which it is the vehicle. A prose version of a passionate story, though, if well managed, it would not be so painful as the original transaction, and might even be pleasurable, would still in many cases be sufficiently painful to prevent its being read more than once. But, by narrating the same in metre, the poet is able, as it were, cunningly to administer a series of doses of pleasure artificially prepared, which, though not very perceptible, are still sufficient, by mingling with the current of the meaning, to attemper and sweeten its effects. And rhyme is a still higher form of the same device. The necessities, therefore, of metre and rhyme do oblige certain departures in poetry from the primary language of emotion; but, allowing for those, good poetic diction should still approach very near to the language of real life.

This view, so useful as an aggression upon the florid diction of the poets of the preceding age, certainly errs by exaggeration. Wordsworth's own poetry will not stand to be tried by it; for, as Coleridge has shown, there is hardly a verse even in his most simple productions, that does not deviate from the so-called language of real life. And it must inevitably be so. For, in the first place, the mere application of the negative principle of modification laid down by Wordsworth, would amount to an abandonment of the point at issue. Remove all that would be poetically unpleasant from the language of real passion in humble life—the bad grammar, the incoherence, the mispronunciations, and so on; and the language that would then be left for the poet would be a very rare and select language indeed, existing literally nowhere throughout the community, but purely supposititious and ideal, the sap and flower of all popular expression. So also with the representation of passions of a higher order. The only sense in which

the language of a great part of our best poetry can be said to resemble real language, is that it is the kind of language that a few of the most cultured persons of the community would employ on very rare and impressive occasions. But even the choicest spontaneous language of the best minds, when most nobly moved in real life, must undergo modification before it can be used by the poet. And though Wordsworth has provided for such modification, by laying down the positive principle, that the poet is at all times to remember that it is his office to give pleasure, and by pointing out the operation of this principle as regards metre and rhyme; yet he does not seem to have seen the whole energy of this principle as determining and compelling departures from common usage. His argument for the virtual identity of poetic language and the language of real life, reminds us of the mania for what is called a simple conversational style. Why do not men write as they speak? Why do they not convey their meaning in books in the good racy English which they employ at the dinner-table, or when giving their household orders? Such are the absurd questions that are asked every day. It never seems to enter into the minds of these people that conversation is one thing, public speaking another, and writing a third; that each involves and requires a distinct setting, so to speak, of the faculties for its exercise; that in passing from one to either of the others, certain powers must be called into play that were before at rest, or sent to rest that were before in play; and that, accordingly, to demand the perpetual use of conversational style, is to insist that there shall never be anything greater in the world than what conversation can generate. But a world thus restricted to the merely conversational method of literary production would fall into decrepitude. When a man talks with his friend, he is led on but by a few trains of association, and finds a straggling style natural for his purposes; when he speaks in public, the wheels of thought glow, the associative processes by which he advances become more complex, and hence the roll, the cadence, the precipitous burst; and, lastly, when he writes, still other conditions of thought come into action, and there arises the elaborate sentence, winding like a rivulet through the meadow of his subject, or the page jewelled with a thousand allusions. Precisely so in the matter more immediately under discussion. Here too there is a gradation. A man in a state of excitement talks in vivid language, and even sets his words to a rough natural music, his voice swelling or trembling with its burden, though still falling short of song. But in the literary repetition of such a scene, nature suggests a new set of proprieties, answering to the entire difference between the mind in the primary and the mind in the secondary attitude; and a literal report would be found to defeat the very end in view, and to be as much out of place as a literal copy in painting. Even in prose narration there must be a more select and coherent language than served in the

primary act of passion, as well as a more melodious music. And when, moved to a still higher flight, the story lifts itself into metre, availing itself, as it were, of a device sanctioned by an origin in some of the more splendid moments of the ancient human soul, then, in exchange for certain advantages, it submits to restrictions that come along with them. Finally, if the charm of rhyme be desired, this too must be purchased by further and inevitable concessions. Thus, we repeat, there is a gradation. In prose narration, language is conditioned by a more complex set of necessities than in actual experience; in metrical narration the conditions are more complex still, so that, if the speech were of marble before, there must now be speech of jasper; and, lastly, in rhyme the conditions compel the thought through so fine a passage that the words it chooses must be opals and rubies. Nor in all this is there any departure from nature. On the contrary, it is a noble provision that, where the ordinary resources even of musical prose are apt to fail, the mind should have more intense methods of production in reserve. Such methods are metre and rhyme. They do not impair the work of intellectual invention, but rather assist it, and render it capable of a more exquisite class of performances than would otherwise be possible. In prose, however musical, the meaning flows as it were easily over a level, obeying the guidance of its own associations; in metre new associations are added, which, while they increase the difficulty, also stimulate the intellect to higher and more transcendental reaches; and when with this is conjoined rhyme, or the obligation of conducting the already moving thought in the direction or towards the horizon of a certain possible number of preconceived sounds, then every fibre of the mind is alert and electric, the whole strength of the household is called into action, and things are done that would surprise the gods.

Although there seems to be no doubt that the vehement opposition that greeted Wordsworth on his appearance as a poet, was determined partly by a perception on the part of the public of those weaknesses in his theory to which we have been alluding; it seems plain, also, that much of it was a mere display of that instinct of indignation that seizes men when they see their household gods invaded.

"Pedlars," and "boats," and "wagons!" Oh! ye shades Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?

Such was the universal feeling of the critics. The controversy between the *Edinburgh Review* and Wordsworth was literally a contest between the old and the new; in which, however, the old derived certain advantages from the obstinacy and want of tact with which the new exposed and made a boast of its most galling peculiarities. For, if Jeffrey's criticisms on Wordsworth's poetry be now compared with the criticisms of Wordsworth's own friend Coleridge, as published in the *Biographia Literaria*, it will be found that, immeasurably as the two critics differ in spirit, the one refusing to

admit Wordsworth to be a good poet at all, the other considering him to be the greatest English poet since Milton, there is still an almost perfect coincidence in their special objections to his style. What Jeffrey attacked was chiefly the alleged childishness of much of Wordsworth's language, the babyism of his "Alice Fells," with their cloaks of "duffle gray," &c.; and it is precisely on these points that Coleridge, even while aware of his friend's more profound reason for such familiarities, expresses his dissent from him. The truth is, had Wordsworth been a man of more innate energy, more tremendousness, so to speak, as a poet, he would have effected the revolution that was necessary with less delay and opposition. Wrapping up his doctrinal peculiarities, if he had any, in the midst of his poetry, instead of protruding them in a preface, he would have blasted the old spirit out by the mere infatuation of the new, and would resistless hands in the hair of the nation's instincts. But instead of being the Mirabeau of our literary revolution, and hardly aware of his own propositions, he was, as it were, its Robespierre, who first threw his propositions tied in a bunch into the crowd before him, and then fought his way pertinaciously to where they fell. But even thus (and there were doubtless advantages in this method too) he at length obtained success. The "This will never do," with which Jeffrey introduced his criticism of the *Excursion*, proved a false augury. Slowly and reluctantly the nation came round to Wordsworth; and, if there are still many that believe in his defects and shortcomings, all admit him to have been a true poet, and a man of rare genius. Of the poets that have appeared in England since he began his course—the Byrons, the Shelleys, the Keatses, the Tennysons—there is not one that does not owe something to his example and influence. Not that these men would not have been poets, even had Wordsworth never lived. Through them, too, the new spirit with which the world had been charged would infallibly in any case have asserted itself; and as it is, there has been in each and all of them something individual and original that has caught portions of the new spirit that even the soul of Wordsworth could not, and been made capable thereby of perfectly specific things. A Nestor may be the patriarch of the camp, but even his deeds may be, in the end, outdone by the exploits of the younger heroes. Of all the poets that have succeeded Wordsworth, the one that stands most in the position of revolt against him is Byron. The Byronic in poetry is, in some respects, the contradictory of the Wordsworthian. And believing as we do that Byron was also a great poet, and that through him there were poured into our age elements of grandeur and power that were wanting in Wordsworth, and yet needed, we would willingly go on to consider historically the appearance of this other tendency in our literature, known as the Byronic, and to show how the two tributaries became at length united. It is time, however, to leave the historical part of our subject, and direct our attention

more expressly to the qualities of Wordsworth as a poet.

That Wordsworth was a true poet, that he did possess the "inherent glow," the "vision and faculty divine," no one that has ever read a page of his writings can honestly deny. Coleridge, in whose vocabulary the word "imagination" stood for the poetic faculty, *par excellence*, pronounced Wordsworth to be, in imaginative power, "the nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton." This estimate may be gainsayed by some as too high; but, keeping in view the precise sense attached by Coleridge to his words, it will be difficult to lower it very much. Nor, in accepting regarding Wordsworth a sentence of the same or similar import, is it necessary to have any profound theory as to the nature of this so called imaginative or poetic faculty which we then assert him to possess. It is sufficient if we know it when we see it, or if we feel the force of any of those numerous synonyms and circumlocutions by which poets and analysts (Wordsworth himself amongst others) have sought to describe it. For, after all, we define such terms best when we rave about them, adhering to no one form of expression, but implementing, as it were, the defects of all possible conception by the vagueness and the force of sound. Perhaps the phrase that, if fully apprehended, would best convey the notion of what is meant by imagination as the faculty of the poet, would be the phrase—"Creative Energy;" for this phrase would carry with it one very essential discrimination—the discrimination, namely, of the poetic faculty, as such, both from that passive sensibility by which the mind, presenting, as it were, a photographic surface to the universe, receives from it impressions of whatever is; and also from that minor and more ordinary exercise of activity by which the mind, sitting thereafter amid these received impressions, recollects, registers, and compares them. What the imaginative or poetic faculty does is something beyond this; and is more akin (with reverence be it spoken) to the operation of that original cosmic power at whose fiat the atoms and the elements sprang first together. A certain accumulation of material, a certain assemblage of impressions, or mental objects, being supplied by the consciousness, and lying there ready, it is the part of this faculty to discharge into them a portion of *self* that shall fuse them into a living whole, capable of being contemplated with pleasure. This, the *poiesis* or creation of new unities, the information of mere knowledge with somewhat of the spirit of the knower, the incorporation of diverse impressions and recollections by the combining flash of a specific mental act—is essentially the function of the imagination.

Now, as all men possess this faculty in some degree, and, as in the generation of all the higher species of thought or action, it must be present in a very large degree, by whatever name such species of thought or action are called, it is only in a certain supreme sense that imagination is laid aside in all languages as the proper faculty of poets

Yet there is reason in this. Poets preëminently are men that breathe their own spirit into things, that make self dominate over what is distinct from self, that give out into the universe more than they receive from it. So in Goethe's matchless lines on the poet—

Wherewith bestirs he human spirits?
Wherewith makes he the elements obey?
Is 't not the stream of song that out his bosom springs,
And to his heart the world back coiling brings?

That is, the stream of song, or, in other words, of self, flowing forth from the poet's heart into the world of phenomena, entwines itself there with this and with that portion of matter or experience, and then flows back to whence it came, coiling what it has captured along with it. This power, this overflowing of self upon the universe, so characteristic of the poet, appears most of all in his eye. The eyes of some men are dull and obtuse; those of others are sharp and piercing, as if they shot their power out in lines; the eyes of the poet are heavy-laden and melancholy, like pools continually too full.

However we choose to vary the words that are taken to define the essential faculty of the poet, we shall find that they apply to Wordsworth. Every page of his poetry abounds with instances of imagination. Thus, from the *Excursion*—

Some tall crag
That is the eagle's birth-place, or *some peak*
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed upon its visionary sides
The history of many a winter-storm,
Or obscure record of the path of fire.

Or from *Peter Bell*—

And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and winding scars;
Where deep and low the *hamlets lie*
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars.

Or from the noble ode on *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Childhood*—

Our life is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

These, and hundreds of other passages that might be quoted, show that Wordsworth possessed, in a very high degree indeed, the true primal quality of the poet—imagination; a sur-

charge of personality or vital spirit, perpetually overflowing among the objects of the otherwise conditioned universe, and refashioning them according to its pleasure.

If we proceed now to inquire what were the most prominent of those other characteristics which, acting and reacting with this generic tendency in the economy of Wordsworth's mind, determined the specific peculiarities of his poetical productions, we are sure to be impressed first of all with his extreme sensibility to, and accurate acquaintance with, the changing phenomena of external nature. It is a just complaint against Civilization, as that word is at present defined, and especially against life in cities, that men are thereby shut out, or rather shut in, from sources of sensation the most pure and healthy of any. That people should know something of the aspects of the earth they live on; that they should be familiar with the features of at least a portion of its undisguised surface—with its rocks, its woods, its turf, its hills, as seen in the varying lights of day and night, and the varying livery of the seasons; this it may be said was clearly intended to be forever a part of the mere privilege of existence. But a large proportion of mankind have been obliged to let slip even this poor item of their right in being. Pent up, on the one hand, in their cares against starvation, and, on the other, in their devices for artificial comfort, men have ceased to regard with the same true intimacy as of old, the venerable face of their ancient mother. Certain great admonitions of the outward, indeed, will always remain with men wheresoever they pass their days—the overarching sky, the midnight winds, the sea's expanse, the yellow cornfield, the wooded landscape. And, after all, these are the images of nature that have most power to stir and affect us; these, of which not even cities can deprive us. Cities, too, have their own peculiar kinds of scenery, of which, and especially of their nocturnal aspects, enough has not yet been made. Thus, in Keats' *Lamia*—

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,
Throughout her palaces imperial,
And all her populous streets and temples lewd
Muttered, like tempest in the distance brewed,
To the wide-spread night above her towers.

But, of the rural minutiae of nature, and also of what may be called her aspects of the horrible and lonesome, most of us, above all if we are denizens of cities, are compelled to be ignorant. Very few, for example, can tell the names of the various forest trees, or distinguish them from each other; and fewer still can recognize, either by name or association, the various wild-flowers that grow in the meadows. How much also of sympathy with nature have we not lost, by not knowing, with the shepherd or husbandman, the signs of the weather—what the clouds say when they hurry so, what mean those motions of the cattle, and why the mists roll down the hills? And then, in the more special region of phenomena to which we have alluded, who among us experience, save

by rare chance, the realities of those scenes so telling in books of fiction—the dark and solitary moor, with the light glimmering in the distance ; the fearful bivouac in the depths of a wood, or the incessant breaking of the waves at midnight against the cliff-embattled shore ? In that single ride from Ayr to Allowa' Kirk, (we agree with a writer in an old magazine,) the immortal Tam saw more, even omitting the witches, than most of us see in a life-time.

Now, it is a curious fact, that one of the most characteristic features of that revolution in English poetry with which the name of Wordsworth is associated, has been the increased interest that it has both instinctively aroused and knowingly cultivated in the facts and appearances of material nature. If, as Wordsworth himself has said, hardly a new original image or description of nature was introduced into English verse in the age between Milton and Thomson, our recent poets have certainly retrieved the neglect. "Nature, nature," has been their cry, and as Bacon, after his own lordly fashion of thought, fancied that it was of service to his health and spirits to inhale every morning the smell of freshly-ploughed earth into which he had poured wine, so they have interpreted literally their prescriptions to the same effect, by renewing as often as possible their acquaintance with the rural earth, and falling periodically on the turf, as it were, with their faces downwards. In particular, it must have been remarked what an increased familiarity our recent poets have contracted with the vegetable department of nature. Chaucer himself could hardly have described the beauties of a field or a garden more minutely than some of our modern versifiers. Nor, among the poets that have helped to cultivate this delight in the observation of natural appearances, is there any one that deserves to be ranked before Wordsworth. A native of scenes celebrated for their loveliness, he seems to have been endowed from the first with a capacity to feel and appreciate their benignant influence. In one of the few fragments that have been given to the world of his unpublished poem, "The Prelude," he thus described his sympathy with nature in childhood :—

In November days,
When vapors rolling down the valleys, made
A lonely scene more lonesome ; among woods
At noon, and mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine :
Mine was it in the fields, both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.
And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
The cottage windows through the twilight blazed ;
I heeded not the summons : happy time
It was indeed for all of us ; for me
It was a time of rapture ! Shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures—the resounding horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.

So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle : with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
The leafless trees, and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

This intimacy with the face of the earth, this rich and keen sense of pleasure in English nature, whether in her vernal or her wintry aspects, Wordsworth carried with him into manhood. Submitting it, together with all else that he knew of himself, to his judgment for examination, he seems even to have arrived at a theory, that it is essential for every poet that would peacefully possess his faculty in these modern times, to connect himself permanently and domestically with some appropriate spot or tract of scenery, the whole influence of which he may thoroughly exhaust and incorporate with his verse. At least, in his own case, some such general conviction appears to have blended with the mere sentiment of local attachment, which was doubtless strong in him, in determining his retirement to the Lakes. There are even traces, we fancy, of a disposition on his part to generalize the feeling still more, and to lay it down as a maxim that, in all ordinary cases, the natal spot of every human being is the appropriate spot of his activity through life, removal from which must injure him, and that, so far as our present social arrangements render this impossible, and our present facilities for locomotion render the reverse easy, so far we fall short of the ideal state of things, as between us and the globe we inhabit. In the obedience of this law, (hard law for Scotchmen !) lay, he seems to have felt, one of the great uses of descriptive poetry. While men do tear themselves away from their native localities, and traverse the earth, or congregate in cities, descriptive poetry, he persuaded himself, must ever possess a refreshing and medicinal virtue. It was one of his most valued claims, therefore, that he should be considered a genuine English descriptive poet. And certainly this is a claim that even those who think most humbly of his attainments cannot deny him. There would be a propriety, we think, in remembering Wordsworth as a descriptive poet, along with Chaucer and Thomson, thus distinguishing him both from such poets as Burns and Tennyson, on the one hand, and from such poets as Keats on the other. In such poets as Burns and Tennyson, the element of what may be called *human reference* is always so decided, that, though no poets describe nature more beautifully when they have occasion, it would still be improper to speak of them specially as descriptive poets. To borrow a distinction from the sister art, it may be said that, if Burns and Tennyson are more properly classed with the figure-painters, notwithstanding the extreme beauty and finish of their natural backgrounds, so, on the same principle, Wordsworth, whose skill in delin-

eating the human subject is also admitted, may yet not erroneously be classed with the landscape painters. On the other hand, he differs from poets like Keats in this, that being a native of the country, and accustomed, therefore, to the appearances of rural nature in all seasons, he does not confound nature with vegetation. In the poetry of Keats, as all must feel, there is an excess of greenth and vegetable imagery; in reading his descriptions, we seem either to breathe the air of a hothouse heavy with the moist odors of great-leaved exotics, or to lie full stretched at noon in some shady nook in a wood, rank underneath with the pipy hemlock, and kindred plants of strange overgrowth. In Wordsworth, as we have seen, there is no such unhealthy lusciousness; he has his spots of thick herbage, and his banks of florid richness too; but what he delights in is the broad, clear expanse, the placid lake, the pure, pellucid air, the quiet outline of the mountain.

The second characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry, to which we would call attention, is the general intellectual vigor it displays, the large amount of really excellent thought that is bedded in it—thought that would have been valuable to the world in whatever form it had been put forth, and which might easily, had Wordsworth not been a poet, have been put forth otherwise than in metre. We have already asserted, with sufficient distinctness, that poetry is something essentially different from thought or proposition put into verse. A man may have a profound intellect, and may carry in his head a quantity of thought sufficient to set up a University, or to supersede a British Association, and yet may be no poet. Or, on the other hand, a man may have something of the poetic spark in him, and be an intellectual weakling. It remains true, nevertheless, that intellect, or thought—clear, large intellect, such as would be available for any purpose whatever; deep, abundant thought, such as we find in the best philosophical writings—are essential towards forming a great poet. This intellect of the poet may either exert itself in such a state of perfect diffusion through the rest of his mind in its creative act, as only to become manifest in the completed grandeur of the result, which is the case, for example, with the poetry of Homer and Milton; or it may retain its right to act also as a separate organ for the secretion of pure matter of thought, which is the case, above all, with the poetry of Shakspeare. In Wordsworth's poetry the presence of a superior intellect—an intellect strong, high, and subtle, if not of extreme dimensions—may be discovered by both of these tests. In the first place, the substance of his poetry, its logical compactness, and its entire freedom from mere rubbish or commonplace, prove that a powerful and scholarly mind must have presided over the work of composition. On the other hand, for proofs that Wordsworth was familiar, even formally, with the best philosophical ideas of his time, one needs only to dip into his *Excursion*, or any other of his severer poems. Thus, in the following passage, short as

it is, the metaphysical reader will discern a perfect mastery on the part of the poet, over a conception the power of grasping which is recognized in the schools as the one test of a mind capable of metaphysical studies:—

My voice proclaims

How exquisitely the individual mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external world
Is fitted:—and how exquisitely too—
Theme this but little heard of among men—
The external world is fitted to the mind;
And the creation (by no lower name
Can it be called) which they with blended might
Accomplish—this is our high argument.

This, and similar conceptions of a very high metaphysics, were evidently as familiar to Wordsworth as they were to Coleridge, from whom, it is very probable, he may have originally derived them. Indeed, making due allowance for the necessary difference between the scientific and the poetic mode of presenting truths, it may be alleged that there is hardly a notion of any generality put forth by Coleridge, whether in psychology, theology, politics, or literary criticism, some recognition of which may not be discovered either in the poems or in the prose dissertations of Wordsworth. The agreement between these two men intellectually seems to have been complete in almost every particular. Both professed political conservatism; both conducted their speculative reasonings to a point where they merged in belief in Divine Revelation, and in a system of tenets derived from that belief, not differing essentially from theological orthodoxy; and both exhibited an ardent attachment to the forms and rules of the Church of England. It may even be questioned by a certain class of critics, whether Wordsworth, in his treatment of such matters, has not sometimes taken leave of the poetical mood altogether, and assumed the mood of the preacher; whether the didactic fit did not sometimes overcome him in his poetry, and whether he has not allowed the controversial spirit, so manifest in his prefaces, to run over also somewhat deleteriously into his metre.

But, as distinct from the general intellectual excellence of Wordsworth's productions, we have to notice their singularly calm, religious, and contemplative tone. By thoughtfulness or contemplativeness we usually mean something quite distinguishable from mere intellectual vigor or opulence. The French are an intellectual nation; they think rapidly and powerfully; but they do not answer to our notion of a thoughtful or contemplative people. Contemplativeness, according to our usage of the word, does not so much imply the power of attaining or producing thought, as the power of brooding sentimentally over thought already attained. If we first oppose the speculative to the active, and then make a further distinction between the speculative and the contemplative, the character of Hamlet in Shakspeare may be taken to represent the union of the speculative and the contemplative. The Prince is a

student from the university, daring into all questions, and fertile at every moment in new generalities and pregnant forms of expression; but his peculiarity consists in this, that far back in his mind there lie certain permanent thoughts and conceptions towards which he always reverts when left alone, and from which he has ever to be roused afresh when anything is to be done. Now it is this tendency to relapse into a few favorite, and, as it were, constitutional trains of thought, that makes the contemplative character. Nor is it difficult to see in what thoughts it is, above all others, that the contemplative mind will always find its most appropriate food. Birth, Death, the Future; the sufferings and misdeeds of man in this life, and his hopes of a life to come; the littleness of us and our whole sphere of knowledge, and the awful relations in which we stand to the world of the supernatural, these, if any, are the permanent and inevitable objects of human contemplation and solicitude. From age to age these thoughts have been handed down; every age must entertain, and no age can conclude them. What the ancient Chaldean meditated as he lay at night under the stars of the desert, the same things does the modern student meditate as he paces his lonely room. "Man, that is born of woman, is of a few days and full of trouble;" "How can a man be justified with God?" "O that one might plead for a man with God as a man pleadeth for his neighbor"—amid all the changes of manners, dynasties, and races, these thoughts survive. They and such like are the peculiarly human thoughts, the thoughts of humanity as such; the thoughts upon which mankind must always fall back, and compared with which all other thoughts are but intrusions and impertinences. Now, although it would be possible, we think, to show that the effect even of abstract speculation, if carried far enough, is to lead men back into these thoughts and keep them there, so that in this sense the most speculative men must, as if by compulsion, become profoundly contemplative; yet, generally speaking, a distinction may be drawn between men who are speculative, and men who are contemplative in their tendencies. Some men are always active intellectually; always engaged in some process of inquiry and ingenuity—inventing a machine, scheming a project, discovering a law of mind or matter. These men are, in the present sense, speculative men; they are continually at work *within* the ascertained sphere of human activity; and it is by the labors of such men that the mass of this world's experience of its own self-contained capabilities has been accumulated. But there are other men who, either without being mentally active in this way, or, besides being thus active, have a constitutional tendency, at all times, to fall into a musing attitude, to relapse, as we have already expressed it, into certain ancient and footworn trains of thought that lead apparently nowhither. These are the contemplative men; the men whose favorite position is rather at the circumference of the known sphere

than within it; the men who, at whatever time they may be born, receive, cherish, and transmit the permanent and characteristic thoughts of the human race. This quality of contemplativeness is always associated in our minds with the idea of sadness, tearfulness, melancholy. The patriarch Isaac, of whom we are told that he went out into the fields to meditate at eventide, seems, in our fancy, the most mild and pensive of the characters of the Scripture. And such men are the salt of the earth. There is little originality, indeed, in such thoughts as, we have said, form the appropriate food of the contemplative mind. To realize the conception, "All flesh is grass," for example, or the conception, "Why do the wicked prosper?" seems but a very small effort indeed of the intellect, by no means comparable to the effort required in almost every act of daily life. Nevertheless, it remains true that it is only out of a deep soil of such old and simple conceptions, that any kind of true human greatness can rear itself, and also that there are very few minds indeed, in these days of ours, over which these and similar conceptions have their due degree of power. It is accordingly one of the chief merits of Wordsworth that in him this reference to the supernatural, this disposition to interpret all that is visible in the spirit of a conviction of its evanescence, did exist in very high and unusual measure. He was essentially a pensive or contemplative man; a man that was perpetually recurring to those few extreme thoughts and conceptions which most men never care to reach, and beyond which no man can go. This, which was conspicuous in the very aspect of his countenance, and which his recluse life illustrated, he has himself explicitly asserted.

On man, on nature, and on human life,
 Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
 Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
 Accompanied by feelings of delight
 Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
 And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
 And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
 Or elevates the mind, content to weigh
 The good and evil of our mortal state.
 —To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,
 Whether from breath of outward circumstances,
 Or from the soul—an impulse to herself—
 I would give utterance in numerous verse.

It is the blending in Wordsworth of this contemplative tendency with so much general vigor of intellect that has earned for him the name of the English philosophical poet. It ought to be observed, also, at the same time, that in all Wordsworth's contemplative poetry the influence of Christian doctrine is plainly discernible. His meditations on Man, Nature, and the Future, are not those of a pagan sage, however his language may sometimes consist even with a lofty pagan view of the universe; on the contrary, he seems to think throughout as one in whose manner of transacting for himself those great and paramount conceptions that form the necessary matter of all real contemplation, that sweet and consoling modifica-

tion had been wrought which only Christianity has rendered possible.

One of the results of Wordsworth's naturally pensive disposition, left to expatiate as it chiefly was among the objects of a retired and pastoral neighborhood, was, that it gave him a specially keen and sympathetic eye for the characteristic miseries of rural life. We do not think that he was the man that could

- hang
- Brooding above the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow, barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities.

But no man, better than he, could

Hear Humanity in fields and groves
Pipe solitary anguish.

In pathetic stories of humble rural life we know no poet superior to Wordsworth. All the ordinary and, if we may so speak, parochial woes of rural existence in England, seem to have been diligently noted and pondered by him. It is told of Burns, by Dugald Stewart, that as they were walking together one morning in the direction of the Braid Hills, near Edinburgh, where they commanded a prospect of the adjacent country, the poet remarked that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind which he did not believe any one could understand that did not know, as he did, how much of real worth and happiness such poor habitations might contain. Now, if the glance with which Wordsworth, in his poetry, looks abroad on the cottage-sprinkled scenery of his native district cannot be said to show that warm familiarity with the daily tenor of humble rustic life which Burns had from experience, it may at least be compared to the kindly glance of some pious and diligent pastor, such as Wordsworth has himself described in his *Excursion*, surveying from a height the scattered homes of his well-known parishioners. At home in the parsonage there are books, pictures, and probably a piano, the care of a gentle wife or daughters; in walking over the fields, too, the pastor, an academic and cultured man, has necessarily thoughts and enjoyments of his own; nevertheless, what he has seen and known of the habits of those among whom he labors has given him an eye to perceive, and a heart to appreciate, their lowliest anxieties and sorrows. Almost exactly so is it with Wordsworth. The incidents of rural life that he delights to depict are precisely those that would arouse the interest, and occupy the attention, of some good clergyman, active in his duties, and accustomed to store up in his memory the instructive annals of his parish. The death of a poor seduced girl, the return of a disabled soldier to his native village, the wreck of the fortunes of a once thriving family, the solitude of aged widowhood, the nightly moanings of a red-cloaked maniac haunting some dreary spot in the woods—nothing can exceed the pathos with which Wordsworth can tell such simple local stories as these. One can hardly read without tears some of his narratives of this description; as, for example,

that of the poem entitled *Guilt and Sorrow*, that of the pastoral poem entitled *Michael*, or that of the widow Margaret and her lonely cottage, as told in the first book of the *Excursion*. Showing a similar eye for the moral picturesque in humble rural life, though altogether of a more cheerful character, is the fine and hearty tale of the *Wagoner*, perhaps one of the most perfect of all Wordsworth's compositions. And here we may remark, that if Wordsworth had any such theory as we have supposed, as to the advantage, in the poetical occupation, of a permanent connection on the part of the poet with some one spot or district, then, in such a theory, he must necessarily have had respect, as well to the power of familiar modes of life to form the heart of the poet, as to the influence of familiar scenery in attuning his imagination. And certainly there is much in this. Rarely does one that has removed from his native spot form elsewhere relations that can stand him in stead when he wishes to glance into human life at once intimately and broadly.

Somewhat dissociated in appearance from those characteristics of Wordsworth which we have already mentioned, but demonstrably compatible with them, was his strong sense of the antique; his lively interest in the traditional, the legendary, and the historical. We see in Wordsworth, in this respect, a certain similarity to a man from whom otherwise he differed much—Sir Walter Scott. The English poet seems to have had the same liking for significant anecdotes and snatches of ancient song and ballad, the same reverence for pedigree, and the same pleasure in associating places known to him with celebrated transactions of the past, as were observable, in still larger degree, in the Scottish novelist. Among the poems that exemplify this characteristic of our author are, the dramatic poem of *The Borderers*; the beautiful poem entitled *Hart-leap Well*; the long legendary poem of *The White Doe of Rylstone*, which is in the metre, and somewhat in the style, of much of Scott's poetry; and also many of the shorter pieces written during tours in Scotland, and in various parts of England. A particular illustration of this quality of Wordsworth's mind is also presented in his Scott-like habit of introducing almost lovingly topographical references and the names of places into his verse. Thus, in the poem *To Joanna*, describing the echo of a lady's laugh heard among the mountains:

The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again;
That ancient woman seated on Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar
And the tall steep of Silverhow sent forth
A noise of laughter; Southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone;
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice; old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet; back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.

But most conspicuously of all the poet has exhibited his interest in the antique and historical, and

his power of imaginatively reproducing it, in his fine series of Ecclesiastical Sonnets, wherein he traces, as in a series of bold retrospective glimpses, the history of Christianity in the British Islands. There are passages in these sonnets worth, for their historical effect, many pages of the writings of our ecclesiastical historians.

Of the various other excellencies of Wordsworth as a poet and a writer we will particularize but one more—the exquisite propriety and delicacy of his style; his easy and perfect mastery over the element of language. Clearly enough he must have possessed the natural gift of rich and exuberant expression; but it is equally evident that he must have, at a very early period, submitted this natural exuberance to a careful and classical training, and also that he must have bestowed his best pains in finishing, according to his own ideas of correctness, all his compositions individually. Hence greater smoothness and beauty, and more of strict logical coherence in Wordsworth's style than is usual even among careful poets, as well as a more close fitting of the language to the measure of the thought, and a comparative freedom from forced rhymes and jarring evasions of natural forms of words. This appears even in the greater typographical neatness of a printed page of Wordsworth's poetry, as compared, for example, with a printed page of Byron's, the lax and dash-disrupted look of which suggests to practised eyes the notion at once of more energetic genius, and a greater literary haste. Specimens of Wordsworth's extreme felicity of expression have already been given in previous extracts; and in selecting for incessant repetition such poems of his as "We are Seven," and such lines as those famous ones about the "yellow primrose," the public have already indicated their appreciation in his case of this merit in particular. A quotation or two, however, illustrative of the same thing may here be added. Observe how variously and yet simply the language, in the following instances, pursues the intricacies and adapts itself to the mood of the meaning:

A village churchyard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may indeed be most favorably contrasted with that of a town of crowded population: and sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the ancients, with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness which attend the celebration of the Sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in the general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence, a parish church, in the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.—*Essay on Epitaphs.*

To all that binds the soul in powerless trance,
Lip-dewy song, and ringlet tossing dance.

Descriptive Sketches.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,

A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Miscellaneous Poems.

Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with
crash

And merciless ravage: and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being: and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past;
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.

Nutting.

I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Sonnets.

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells:
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 't was pastime to be bound
Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there as I have found.

Sonnets.

That we would assign to Wordsworth a high place among the poets of England, the whole tenor of our observations hitherto will have made clear. At the same time that he falls short of the very highest rank; that he stands not on the top of our English Parnassus, where Chaucer, Milton and Spencer keep reverent company with Shakspeare, but rather on that upper slope of the mountain whence these greatest are visible, and where various other poets, some of whom are not yet dead, hold perhaps as just if not so fixed a footing: this, also, we trust we have been able to convey as part of our general impression. We do not think, for example, that Wordsworth was by any means so great a poet as Burns, comparing the two men we mean even as poets; and if it is only in respect of general mental vigor and capacity, and not in respect to poetic genius *per se*, that such other men as Dryden, Pope, Scott, and Coleridge, could be justly put in comparison with Wordsworth, and, being so put in comparison, preferred to him on

the whole; yet there are other names still in our list of poets, for whom, even after the ground of competition has been thus restricted, we believe it would be possible to take up the quarrel. With all the faults of Byron, both moral and literary, we believe that in him the poetic efflux came from greater constitutional depths, and brought, if less pure, at least most fervent matter along with it than the poetry of Wordsworth; had Keats and Shelley lived longer, even those that sneer at the Byronic might have seen poets comparable, in their estimation, to the Patriarch of the Lakes; and should our noble Tennyson survive to us as a constant writer till his black locks have grown gray, we, for our part, see qualities in him that predict for him a more than Wordsworthian fame. Keeping in view, therefore, these comparisons and contrasts, it seems proper that we should add to the foregoing enumeration of what we consider some of Wordsworth's characteristic excellencies, a word or two descriptive of those accompanying defects to which it was probably owing that a man, so near the highest, did not quite reach it.

First of all, then, as it seems to us, the intellect of Wordsworth, though very far from ordinary in its dimensions, and very assiduously developed by culture, was by no means of the largest known English calibre. Not to bring into the comparison such rare giants of our nation as Shakspeare, Bacon, and Milton, there have been, and probably still are, very many distinguished men in our island fit to rank intellectually as the peers of Wordsworth, or even as his superiors. Making the necessary discrimination between native intellectual strength to arrive at conclusions, and the soundness of the conclusions arrived at, we should say that Johnson, Burke, Burns, David Hume, and not a few others that might be named, were undoubtedly men of more powerful intellect than Wordsworth. Partly owing to the time at which they lived, partly owing to causes for which they were personally more responsible, the intellectual conclusions of those men, or of some of them, may have been less noble and lofty than those of Wordsworth; their favorite forms of thought more coarse; their philosophy less true, deep, and ethereal. But their intellectual strength or grasp, their sense and insight, their whole available power to do, discern, and invent, were indubitably greater. Even of Pope, on whose reputation as a poet Wordsworth and his followers have been, in some respects justly, so severe, it might be maintained that, comparison of poetic merit apart, his was the denser and nimbler brain. Nor, we believe, would the greatest admirers of Wordsworth say that in force and reach of intellect he excelled his friend Coleridge. Fine, stately, and silvery as Wordsworth's prose writings are, they want the depth, originality, and richness of the similar compositions of the old man eloquent. Wordsworth's, in short, was not a massive or prodigious, but only a high and superior, intellect. Now, though we have already shown that it is not intellect as such that makes a man a poet, but that either a man

may have a great intellect and be no poet, or may be a poet without having an extraordinary intellect; yet having shown also that to constitute a great poet great intellect is essential, we may, in fact, assume it as a rule that the measure of the general intellectual power of any particular poet is also *pro tanto* a measure of his poetic excellence. According to this rule we should first apply the intellectual test, so as to decide Wordsworth's place (probably beside such men as Coleridge and Dryden) in our general hierarchy of English men of letters of all sorts taken together; then dividing this miscellaneous body into kinds or classes, we should retain Wordsworth exactly at his ascertained height among the poets; and, lastly, allowing to the whole class of poets as much additional elevation as might be thought necessary, on the score of the inherent superiority of the poetical constitution as such, we would fix Wordsworth's just place among all the ornaments of English literature.

A second defect in Wordsworth as a poet is his want of humor. This charge has been made so often against other celebrated writers, that one is almost ashamed to bring it forward again in any new case whatever; nevertheless, it is a charge of real weight against any one regarding whom it can be substantiated; and it is hardly necessary to offer any proofs that it is true regarding Wordsworth. There are, indeed, poems of his, such as "*The Wagoner*," "*The Idiot Boy*," and the "*Street Musician*," that display a kind of genial and warm interest in the little pleasant blunders and less than tragic mishaps of daily life; but in such instances we seem to recognize the air of the poet as that of a sedate old gentleman looking at matters, or hearing of them, with a hard, benevolent smile rather than as that of a man of hearty native humor recklessly enjoying what is jocose. There is no real mirth, no rich sense of the comic, in all that Wordsworth has written. In that full, sly love of a jest that must have lurked in the down-looking eye of Chaucer, as well as in the broad and manly capacity for laughter that distinguished Burns, the poet of the Lakes was totally wanting. Hence it is, that among all his characters, he has given us none such as the Host of the Tabard in the "*Canterbury Pilgrimage*;" and that living, as he did, in a notable part of England, the whole spirit and peculiarity of which he sought to make his own, he could not imbibe nor reproduce its humors. Whenever, in obedience apparently to an intellectual perception of the existence in society of such so-called "humors," he attempts to introduce them into his poetry, he either only reaches the playful, or betrays his natural seriousness, by keeping the moral lesson strictly in view. Now, although there have been really great poets, as, for example, Milton and Schiller, in whom this defect of humor was as marked as in Wordsworth, if not more so, yet in such cases it will be found that the defect did, after all, operate to some extent injuriously, and had to be made good in some way by very ample compensations. If Milton had not humor

he had a large measure of what may properly enough be called wit, and infinite power of scorn, and a tremendous mastery of the language of abuse and sarcasm. As regards Byron, also, not to mention Pope, it is impossible to say how much not only of his popularity, but also of his real worth as a poet, may depend on the quantity of admirable wit which he brought into the service of the Muses. But in Wordsworth there is almost as little of wit, properly so called, as of humor. His moods are a benevolent seriousness, a rapt and spiritual state of feelings, and a mild and sacerdotal sympathy with all that he sees. He may feel contempt, as indeed few men are said to have done in a greater degree, but he has no art in the ludicrous expression of it; he sometimes smiles, but he never laughs. And in a poet of actual English life, above all, this is to be regarded as a considerable disqualification.

We hardly know how to indicate what we conceive to be another deficiency in Wordsworth as a poet, otherwise than by repeating the common criticism regarding him, that he wants energy, fire, impulse, intensity, passion. Our previous remarks will have guarded against any misconception of what we here mean. We believe that Wordsworth was, according to his own definition of a poet, "a man endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, than are supposed to be common among mankind;" but what we now mean is something quite consistent with this. There was no emotional tremendousness, nothing of the demoniac, nothing of the Pythia, in the nature of Wordsworth.

I surely not a man ungently made,

are the fitting words he uses in describing himself. A calm, white-haired man, that could thrill to the beauty of a starry night, and not a swart-faced Titan, like Burns, full of strength and fire, was the poet of the *Excursion*. With all his pathos, and all his clearness of vision, there were sorrows of humanity he never touched, recesses of dark moral experience he could not pierce nor irradiate. We feel in his poetry as if we were talked with by some mild and persuasive preacher, rather than borne down by the experienced utterance of a large-hearted man. He does not move us to the depths of our being; he only affects us gently. Now, one reason for this must evidently be, that naturally and by birth Wordsworth was deficient in some of the more formidable elements that enter into the constitution of man. Possessing in large degree the elements of intellect, sensibility, and imagination, he seems to have been wanting in the Byronic element of personal impetus or passion. Moreover, and partly in consequence of this, he appears to have passed through the battle of life all but unwounded. This of itself would account for the placid, self-possessed, and often feeble style of his poetry. In the life of every man distinguished for what is called intensity of character, there will almost certainly be found some sore biographical circumstance—some fact deeper and

more momentous than all the rest—some strictly historical source of melancholy, that must be discovered and investigated, if we would comprehend his ways. Man comes into this world regardless and unformed; and although, in his gradual progress through it he necessarily acquires, by the mere use of his senses and by communication with others, a multitudinous store of impressions and convictions, yet, if there is to be anything specific and original in his life, this, it would seem, can only be produced by the operation upon him of some one overbearing accident or event, that, rousing him to new wakefulness, and evoking all that is latent in his nature, shall bind these impressions and convictions in a mass together, breathe through them the stern element of personal concern, and impart to them its seal and pressure. The experiences that most commonly perform this great function in the lives of men are those of Friendship and Love. The power of Love to rouse men to larger and more fervid views of nature has been celebrated since the beginning of time. A man that has once undergone Love's sorrow in any extreme degree, is by that fact awakened at once and forever to the melancholy side of things; he becomes alive to the gloomy in nature and to the miserable in life; and by one stupendous resumption, as it were, of stars, clouds, trees, and flowers into his own pained being, like an old coinage requiring reissue, he realizes how it is that all creation groaneth and travaileth together in spirit until now. So, also, though perhaps more rarely, with the influence of exalted and lost Friendship. But Wordsworth, happily for himself, seems to have met with no such accident of revolution. Passing through the world as a pilgrim, pure-minded, and even sad with the sense of the mysterious past, and the prescience of the mysterious future, nothing occurred in his little journey to strike him down as a dead man, and agonize him into a full knowledge of the whole mystery of the present. Hence, as we believe, the want of that intensity in his poetry which we find in the writings not only of the so-called subjective poets, such as Byron and Dante, but also of the greatest objective poets, as Goethe and Shakespeare. The ink of Wordsworth is never his own blood.

It is little more than an extension of the preceding remark, to say that Wordsworth was rather a poet or bard than (if we may be allowed such a distinction) a lyrist or minstrel. The purpose of the poet, using the term for the moment in this restricted sense, is simply to describe, narrate, or represent some portion of the objective, as it is rounded out and made significant in his own mind; the purpose of the lyrist or minstrel is to pour forth the passing emotions of his soul, and inflame other men with the fire that consumes himself. Accordingly, the faculties most special to the merely poetic exercise, as in the old Homeric epos or in modern descriptive verse, are those of intellect, sensibility, and imagination—passion or personal excitement being but a differential ingredi-

ent which may be more or less present according to circumstances, and which ought, as some think, to be absent from pure poetry altogether; whereas, in lyrical effusion, on the other hand, passion or present excitement is nearly all in all. The poetry of Keats may be taken as a specimen of pure poetry as such; all his chief poems are literally *compositions*, or creations, the results of a process by which the poet's mind having projected itself into an entirely imaginary element, as devoid as possible of all connexion with or similarity to the present, worked and moved therein slowly and fantastically at its own will and pleasure. As specimens, again, of the purely lyrical, we have all such pieces, ancient and modern, as are properly denominated psalms, odes, hymns, or songs. When, therefore, people talk, as they now incessantly do, of calmness as being essential to the poet; and when, with Wordsworth, they define the poetic art to consist in the tranquil recollection of by-gone emotion, it is clear that they can have in view only pure poetry, the end of which, as we have said, is to represent in an imaginative manner some portion of the outward. For, of the lyrist or song-writer we would affirm precisely as we would affirm of his near kinsman, the orator, that the more of passion or personal impetus he has the better; and so far from advising him to wait for complete tranquillity, we would advise him to select as the true lyrical moment, that first moment, whenever it is, when the primary perturbation of his soul has just so far subsided that his trembling hands can sweep the strings. But along with this difference comes another. The poet, in describing his scene or narrating his story, feels himself impelled to every legitimate mode of increasing the pleasure he conveys; and the result, in one direction, is Metre. But however natural Metre may have been in its origin, it has now become to the poet rather a preëstablished arrangement or available set of conditions to the rule of which, voluntarily and guided by his instinct for harmony, he adapts what he has already in other respects rendered complete, than a com-

pulsory suggestion of the poetic act itself careful for its own accoutrement. Not so, however, with the lyrist. As cadence or musical utterance is natural in an excited state of the feelings, so in lyrical poetry ought the song or melody to be more than the words. The heart of the lyrist should be a perpetual fountain of song; and when he is to hold direct communication with the world, an inarticulate hum or murmur, rising, as it were, from the depths of his being, ought to precede and necessitate all his actual speech. Now in this lyrical capability, this love of sound or cadence for its own sake, (in which, by the by, we have remarked that the Scotch generally excel the English,) Wordsworth is certainly inferior to many other poets. One might have inferred as much from the narrowness of his theory of verse; but the fact is rendered still more apparent by a perusal of his poetical compositions themselves. Very few poets, we think, have been more admirable masters of poetic metre; no versification that we know is more rich, various, and flexible, or more soothing to the ear than that of Wordsworth. But he is not a singer or a minstrel properly so called; the lyric madness does not seize him; verse with him is rather an exquisite variety of rhetoric, a legitimate æsthetic device, than a necessary form of utterance. We do not think that in all Wordsworth there is a single stanza after reading which and quite losing sight of the words, we are still haunted (as we constantly are in Burns, Byron, and Tennyson) by an obstinate recollection of the tune. Were we required to say in what particular portion of Wordsworth's poetry he has shown most of this true lyric spirit in which we believe him to have been on the whole deficient, we should unhesitatingly mention his Sonnets. These are among the finest and most sonorous things in our language; and it is by them, in connexion with his large poem *The Excursion*, or, as we may now say, *The Recluse*, that his great reputation will be most surely perpetuated.

SCOTTISH INDEPENDENCE.—LANGHOLM, July 12. —We gladly place on record an interesting excerpt from the minutes of a recent meeting of our parochial board, which proves that the Scottish claim to honest independence is not altogether eradicated, and that where it has taken proper root, it will remain unaffected, even by the lapse of half a century, or the breadth of the wide Atlantic:—"The inspector stated that James Dalziel had called upon him, and mentioned that he had, when a boy, received alimnt from the parish of Langholm, and having since, in America, realized a competency, he was desirous of refunding to the parochial board the sums that had been advanced on his account. The inspector, on examining the books, found that sums amounting in all to 20*l.* 7*s.* 7*d.* had been paid out on account of "Dalziel's children," between the years 1792 and 1800, in payment of which James Dalziel had since sent him the sum of 40*l.*, which the committee of the parochial board instruct him

to acknowledge, and, at the same time, to express the high gratification which this instance of honest independence has afforded them, and which is so honorable to the individual who has acknowledged his early obligation to the parish.—*Dumfries Courier*.

ALL'S WELL.

The clouds which rise with thunder, slake
Our thirsty soils with rain;
The blow most dreaded falls to break
From off our limbs a chain;
Our very sins and follies make
The love of God more plain;
As through the shadowy lens of even
The eye looks farthest into heaven,
On gleams of star and depths of blue
The glaring sunshine never knew.

—*National Era*.

J. G. W.

From the Spectator.

STELLA AND VANESSA.*

NOVELS founded upon the lives of literary men are not in their nature well adapted for success. If they adhere closely to the facts, there seems no necessity for writing them; if they deviate widely from the truth, they offend the preconceptions of the reader; neither is it easy to fill up the vacuums of the biography with characteristic sketches of real contemporaries, exhibiting the manners and ideas as well as the costumes of the age. Even if all is well done, the effect is disproportioned to the labor and ability; the writer who can achieve this species of novel had better have attempted something else.

The French romance by M. Leon de Wailly, founded on the most questionable incident in Swift's life, and bearing the title of *Stella and Vanessa*, is in one point of view no exception to the rule. It is not merely that it ascribes new motives to Swift and puts forth new views of the matter, but it introduces new actors and alters known facts to support the author's theory. On the other hand, it is what Swift's age would have called a "vastly clever production." M. Leon de Wailly is an accomplished English scholar, known for his translations both of Burns and Shakspeare. The studies necessary to form the translator have made him acquainted with English literature both in its facts and its spirit. His *Stella and Vanessa* is remarkable as a picture of English manners by a Frenchman, in which there is nothing at all foreign. It is not that the author avoids reproducing the continental notion of the English man or woman; there is nothing French about the fiction, either in manners or opinions: though the finish of the workmanship, the delicacy of the irony, and the cleverness with which incidents are contrived to work out the author's views, is French enough. At the same time, it is hardly English, at least English flesh and blood. It is a demonstration rather than a picture; the abstract idea of Swift and contemporary manners, distinct, clear, and conclusive upon the author's premises, but somewhat wanting in warmth, color, and life.

M. Leon de Wailly's view of the story is highly favorable to Swift; and he carries it out by putting all the difficulties upon circumstances and the women. Mrs. Dingley, the friend or companion of Esther Johnson—Stella, fans the girlish regard of Esther into a flame, with a view of securing a better home for herself. Mrs. Vanhomrigh forces herself upon Swift, in order to have his reputation reflected upon her, and to make use of his political interest to advance her son in the army. Swift, after the avowal of Miss Vanhomrigh—Vanessa, acknowledges his passion, but resigns her in order that he may not seem a fortune-hunter or mar her future prospects. He has withdrawn to Ireland to avoid her, when the ruin

of her affairs consequent on Mrs. Vanhomrigh's death sends him to London to rescue her from poverty, and thus entangles him again. He at last marries Stella to save her life, at the sacrifice of his happiness. By this act he causes Vanessa's death; which so unsettles him that he loses his reason, and wanders away, no one knows whither, returning in time to find Stella dying from anxiety—a clever exposition, did not facts and dates contradict the theory.

Swift, Stella, and Vanessa, are of course the most prominent persons; but Mrs. Dingley, and Dr. Tisdal the curate at Laracor, are very conspicuous in the business of the piece, and perform parts rather the opposite of the "deus ex machina"—complicating instead of extricating matters. Mrs. Dingley is a capital specimen of the selfish, comfort-loving, not over-brilliant and not over-polished Englishwoman of a certain age, who, having given over all hopes of matrimony for herself, is earnest for the marriage of the young friend she intends to live with, and not over-scrupulous in her means. Dr. Tisdal is a still more finished portrait. He is founded on the model of those simple-minded and simple-mannered Anglican divines of the seventeenth century, who under a primitive guise possessed virtue and a power of self-sacrifice which might rival those of any martyr. Dr. Tisdal is in love with Esther Johnson; and is somewhat bluntly put off by Swift, to whom he applies in the first instance. Mrs. Dingley, his next confidante, founds all her hopes on the manner of Swift's repulse, and, preferring a probable bishop for her friend to a poor parson, plays Tisdal false. When Swift is entangled with Vanessa, he wishes Tisdal to succeed; but when the lover finds, on making his proposal, that Stella is devotedly attached to Swift, he sacrifices his own hopes to forward hers, and, in doing so, complicates and precipitates affairs instead of advancing them.

Although this fiction was originally printed as a feuilleton, and has never been reprinted in France, such would not seem to be the most advantageous form. Minute and highly-finished painting, artful contrivance of incidents to influence action by operating upon character, and a delicate development of character itself, distinguish the novel, more than breadth and strength of passion—if, indeed, M. de Wailly is altogether equal to passion. Hence it seems to us that continuous reading is the most advantageous reading. The following scene—and the book almost consists of such—is best understood as part of a concatenation, but it will suffice to exhibit the writer's manner. Tisdal, at Stella's desire, has been much in Vanessa's company, and discovers that her wit and knowledge are more likely to attract a man like Swift, in whom the intellect predominated over the heart, than the simple charms of Stella; and he proposes a course of study, which arouses and excites her friend.

What was Dingley's surprise on learning that,

* *Stella and Vanessa*; a Romance from the French. By Lady Duff Gordon. In two volumes. Published by Beutley.

while she was asleep, Stella and Doctor Tisdal had concerted a whole scheme of education.

"My dear, what could put such a thing in your head?"

"We want to surprise Presto, [Swift,] Beck: pray don't say a word to him," replied Stella, blushing.

"Surprise Presto, forsooth!" thought Dingley. "What a pretence! That rogue of a doctor has supplanted our dear Presto; the two hypocrites have hit upon these lessons as an excuse for being always together."

Dingley felt quite relieved. Ever since Stella had chosen another confidant, she had been reduced to mere conjectures, and could not understand what was passing around her. To have lost the thread of her own intrigue, was really too cruel.

And then that Tisdal was such a strange fellow! Even since they had been settled in Dublin, she had encouraged his attentions, with the view of either stirring up Presto to propose, or at worst of putting up with him for want of a better husband for Stella; and now, at the very moment that she had resolved to let him have her, and that Stella seemed much of the same mind, he too had let those Van-hornrighs get hold of him; and Stella, instead of taking offence, had been the first to send him to their house! It was not that she was in a huff, or she would not have received him so well when he did still deign to visit them. Perhaps they had given each other up by mutual consent. Very well, so let them. Dingley was quite content they should do as they pleased, and had fallen asleep again in her arm-chair, when she was awakened by this queer project of education. So, so. She was resolved that she would soon come to the bottom of it. So they wanted to throw dust in her eyes, did they? Very well, very well.

Tisdal came regularly every morning and evening to give his lessons; and Dingley as regularly favored them with her presence, moved as much by curiosity as by a sense of propriety. She was, however, amazed by the dissimulation of both master and scholar, who worked morning and evening with untiring industry. They must indeed be anxious to deceive her! For the idea that Stella could be industrious, or take pleasure in all this pedantry, was too absurd.

"Oh! they want to tire me out, do they? we'll see. If I have to listen to their prising for a whole year, I'll force them to own the truth at last, I'm determined."

Dingley was resolved not to be beaten. She did not trust either to her curiosity or her vexation to keep her awake. She privately drank every day several cups of strong coffee without milk, and unflinchingly performed her part of Argus.

But weeks and months passed away without cooling the exemplary ardor of our two hypocrites. Dingley was wearied beyond endurance. Two or three cups of coffee were no longer enough for her; she was forced to drink as many as eight, and one evening she dropped asleep in spite of all. She bitterly regretted her weakness, when she reflected what a store of fresh courage and dissimulation the lovers might have been able to lay in during her unlucky nap. Dingley would have been unable to console herself for such a slip, but that it suggested to her an excellent thought. She was resolved to fall asleep again, but it should be voluntarily and only in appearance.

In order the better to prepare her stratagem, she pretended to yawn, and to struggle the whole day

against the sleep she was to indulge during the evening. When her eyes were shut the lesson went on just as usual; no doubt they were waiting till she should be fast asleep. Accordingly, ere long, Stella lowered her voice, and asked Tisdal in the most affectionate tone, "How do you find yourself?"

To which he answered with deep emotion, "Thank you, I shall get better, I hope; let us say no more about it."

Dingley pricked up her ears. At last the cat would be let out of the bag. No such thing: no further disclosures were made, and the pedantry recommenced with inconceivable ardor, and lasted without interruption until the hour of departure.

And yet Dingley had done nothing to alarm them. She had not even blinked. Perhaps, however, she might have started on seeing them fall into the trap. Next day she would control herself more completely. So she did; but with no better success. As on the former evening, Stella asked the doctor how he was: he made the same answer in the same grateful tone, and resumed his teaching.

"How ill you look!" cried Dingley, when he returned the next day; "what is the matter with you?"

"With me! Nothing," replied he, with an air of amazement.

"I don't see that the doctor looks ill," said Stella.

Not ill! Then what could be the meaning of the mysterious dialogue which took place every evening!—unless, indeed, he had been suddenly cured of his disease the night before. But no; the usual conversation was repeated that very evening. Dingley did not content herself with the evidence of her ears alone; she peeped slyly at them; and what should she see, but Esther giving her hand to Tisdal, which she never did before witness, and Tisdal squeezing it most tenderly!

Dingley was strongly tempted to jump up, and ask them what was the meaning of all this; but she was restrained by the thought that she should get no explanation from such thorough hypocrites. It would be better to persevere in her pretence of sleeping. By dint of perseverance, however, she only found out that she was taking a great deal of trouble to very small purpose. Did anybody ever see the like! A pair of lovers who were content to ask after each other's health and to press each other's hands once a day, and who, when they were alone together, talked about nothing but politics, literature, history, and philosophy. She was a fool to waste her time in listening to them. Hereupon, Mrs. Dingley took to her arm-chair and her slumbers in right earnest.

The romance has been translated by Lady Duff Gordon in a manner which makes it read like an original, and perhaps imparts to it some of its English appearance. There are phrases, and indeed an English idiom throughout, that could scarcely have been expressed in French or have had very accurate counterparts in that language.

Milman's Gibbon's Rome. With a Portrait. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The first volume of a neat and cheap edition of this work, uniform in size, price and appearance with the same publishers' popular edition of Hume and Macaulay.

Com. Adv.

From the Spectator.

WATKINS' LIFE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.*

WE never ranked among the vehement admirers of the "Corn-law Rhymers;" and the soundness of the distrust may rest upon fact instead of criticism. From early manhood Elliott had been accustomed to write and publish poetry, some of it better in all points of view than his violent diatribes in verse. Yet those productions fell still-born from the press, yielding him neither profit nor fame. It was not till he took up a question ripe enough for political agitation, and addressed himself to the excited feelings and prejudices of party men, that he became a provincial lion, with sufficient name to induce the editors of *Annals* to address him for contributions and notoriety-hunters to seek him out.

Elliott, however, had more genius, power, pathos, and delicacy, than any "poet from the people" except Burns. Why he was not able to exhibit his genius to the best advantage, by bringing art to the aid of nature, can be traced in this volume, as well as the cause of the violence, one-sidedness, and it may be said vulgarity of some of his poetry. He wanted education in every sense of the word, and a more various knowledge of mankind. He had no learning, and not much reading: his domestic training was as bad as coarse (rather than homely) manners, religious bigotry, political violence in violent times, and a hard, ill-conditioned temper in his father, could make it. His school acquirements were less than the common Yorkshire schools would have furnished to average application; and his early associates (smiths and founders in his father's employ) by no means improved his manners or ideas, while they inoculated him with a taste for tipples—he narrowly escaped being a confirmed drunkard. Neither were his pursuits of manhood altogether compatible with high excellence in poetry. As journeyman and master, his time was spent in the iron trade;—not in the mode of manufacturing princes, who delegate their affairs to a confidential representative, or even after the fashion of respectable tradesmen who in the morning seat themselves in their place of business for a few hours—but with close and laborious attention. After realizing a competence, and losing it during the disastrous years of panic and ruin that followed the close of the French war, Elliott set to work again, and was enabled in less than twenty years to place out his sons in the world and to retire upon some eight thousand pounds. The mental attention and bodily exertion which this required in a place like Sheffield—coupled with political agitation—rendered the pursuit of poetry as an art impossible, for *that* requires the devotion of a life. Elliott, too, appears to have been fond of seeing himself in print; so that he would not be satisfied

with selecting a few of his best poems, or take the time to finish those which correction might have improved, but kept continually throwing off verses and printing them. Hence, in his longer pieces ill-chosen subjects, and in the mass of his poetry coarseness, crudity, and often a flat diffuseness. When, however, the adverse circumstances of his life both in poverty and prosperity are considered, the wonder really is that he wrote so well, or found time to observe nature so much as he did. Life in one of its wretched aspects was indeed familiar to him; and he was frequently amongst natural scenes on holydays, his taste for which he ascribed to an accidental stimulus to the study of botany. Of his birth, no registry exists; for his father was a low Methodist, "who baptized me himself," writes the poet, "or employed his friend and brother Berean, Tommy Wright, to baptize me." But he was born in March, 1781; and he died on the 1st of December, 1849.

The life of Ebenezer Elliott, by his son-in-law, is better as a book than a biography. It is not well planned; the narrative of the career is too much broken up by essays illustrative of features of the poet, by criticism on his works, or by extracts from them. Besides this want of continuous connection, there is also a want of fulness as regards events and of distinctness in the chronology. With the exception of the early period, in which Elliott appears as his own biographer, the book is a series of essays upon the life and character of the poet, rather than a narrative of the one and a delineation of the other.

It is, notwithstanding, an able book; though somewhat weakened by a tendency to fine writing, and a natural disposition to overrate the subject. It contains a good many sketches of Elliott as he appeared at various times; together with extracts from his correspondence, which exhibit him on the whole to more advantage in prose than in poetry. This picture is from Mr. Watkins' account of their first interview.

We arrived at his house with a good appetite for dinner; after which we resumed our table-talk over a bottle of claret. He said he was very sorry to hear a man like me speak ill of Byron. I told him there was no poetry that satisfied my mind more fully than his, but maintained my opinion of the man; for, being a public man, I said, he was all the more bound to lead a good private life. Mrs. Elliott joined me. He got up, and said he would leave us two to tear him to pieces. He had once seen Byron, he said, in a bank at Sheffield, and thought that the noble poet looked at him with a sneer; for it was a time, he said, when I was in great distress! He likened Byron's complexion to a marble bust.

I had now an opportunity of studying him more closely. When I had first seen him at his warehouse, he was dressed in a suit befitting the place; but now his appearance was that of the gentleman. He wore a black surtout with a velvet collar, and bore eye-glasses suspended with a riband. He walked with a rather jaunty air, or with a slight swing of the body from side to side, as one desirous to appear younger than he really was, though he

* Life, Poetry, and Letters of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymers. With an Abstract of his Politics. By his Son-in-law, John Watkins, Author of the "Life of James Myers," "George Chambers," &c. Published by Mortimer.

did not disguise that he was fifty-eight. He was somewhat nervous, and had got an idea that he would not live long; indeed, he said he had been dying four years of consumption. His general look expressed a kind of severe benignity. His head was not what phrenologists would term a good one; it was small, and of an oval shape, but his forehead was neither high nor broad. He said his wife was his critic. Her familiarly affectionate manner of addressing him as Ebby, or Eb, sounded rather oddly in my ears. He could not write, he said, unless he was warm and comfortable; and generally sat near the oven, which was his muse.

He generally walked about while he talked; stopping when uttering anything particular. His voice was deep and solemn, and had a kind of dying fall. No one could read his poetry like himself. It was as if he was reading scripture with all the fervor and unction, but at the same time some of the monotony, of a zealous preacher. In reciting he was very vehement. He startled me with a passage from his speech at Palace Yard: "They poisoned Socrates—they crucified Jesus—and they are starving you!" The climax he delivered with all the force of his stentorian lungs.

It was his habit to disparage himself, and to speak in a tone of hyperbole of the merits of others. Thus he said, "I have one of the poorest intellects that God ever made. I have no mind. I cannot create. I wish I could write like you; your prose is perfect. If I were to read your play to you I would make you wonder at the merit of it!" On giving him a few MS. verses to read, he said, "They were beautiful as an expression of the writer's feelings, but were not poetry." I asked what was poetry? And he answered, "It is the heart speaking to itself."

He said, if you wish to know what human nature is, you should solicit subscriptions for a poem. He had done so; and one man said, "Damn you, why don't you write something a gentleman can read?" Another, "Well, I suppose I must patronize your vanity, or what you please to call it!"

The following passage from a letter to a young friend is, perhaps, a specimen of the mock-modest habit of self-disparagement that Mr. Watkins speaks of. If given in good faith, it is one of the truest judgments that ever author passed upon himself.

Some of my speeches, however, are still readable; I can actually read them without falling asleep; and if you can select from all my poetry a poem like "Death and Dr. Hornbook," combining humor with pathos or sublimity, I will believe that it may keep my book alive for a few years. But the mere heaviness of my poetry will sink me. I sat down to read it yesterday, beginning with the "Vernal Walk," and in ten minutes I was asleep, with the volume at my feet. The strongest proof that it will not live is the fact that it is dead already. What Sheffielder reads it except yourself and the doctor? Are there fifty persons living who can truly say they have each read ten pages of my verse? I once had an opportunity of examining a copy of my works presented by me to a "great admirer of my genius." He had commenced reading "The Ranter," a poem of some labored merit; but he stuck fast half-way. All the pages except twenty-three were uncut; and I found that the "admirer of my genius" probably did not know

by name "The Village Patriarch," "The Exile," "Bothwell," "Withered Wild Flowers," "They met in Heaven," "The Recording Angel," "Come and Gone," "The Splendid Village," &c.

It is not improbable that there was something in Elliott's father amounting to a monomania which descended to the poet, and was displayed in the violence of his politics—for the religious fanaticism he got over. When the corn-laws were put aside, he could judge the *poor* peasantry sternly enough.

I was aware, when I came hither, that the country possesses no advantages except for him who loves it for its own sake; and that this situation possesses none over Sheffield, except cheaper and better fuel, sweeter water, purer air, and good roads, without toll-bars. I did not expect to find here a paradise of cherubs praising God, though we have some strapping ones of that species. I knew that if there is vice in towns there is crime in the country—crime of the blackest; for in crimes of violence, and in proportion to population, the village of Wombwell, four miles hence, exceeds the criminality of Sheffield one hundred per cent. I knew that if we would fall in with a rogue able to cheat the devil, we have only to buy horses at a country fair; and that if we would know who they are that cheat railway companies, by getting into wrong carriages, or not paying at all, we shall find on inquiry that nineteen-twentieths of them are country people.

A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises, by RICHARD J. CLEVELAND.—Third edition. With illustrations by Billings. Boston; published by Charles H. Pierce.

The fact that this excellent though unpretending work has gone through three editions in this city speaks eloquently in favor of its merits. It is now beautifully illustrated with engravings on steel, from designs by Billings; and thus embellished it presents new claims upon public favor.—*Transcript*.

From the Home Journal.

THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

SHE is not mine, and to my heart
Perhaps she is less dear,
Than those who of my life are part—
This is the sin I fear.
And ever in the dread to err,
By loving those the best,
More gentle have I been to her,
Perhaps, than all the rest.

Has any little fault occurred,
That may rebuke demand?
Ere I can speak a hasty word,
Or lift a chiding hand,
An angel's face comes flitting by,
With look so sad and mild—
A voice floats softly from the sky—
"Wouldst harm my orphan child?"
No—witness thou and all above,
I'll cherish her as mine,
Or may I lose her father's love,
A love that once was thine!

C. S.

From Tait's Magazine—Radical and Democratic.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

THERE was something extremely touching in the spontaneous and universal feeling which was called forth by Sir Robert Peel's short illness and almost sudden death. We have no doubt that the ceremonial inquiries of strangers and political opponents were not only dictated by kindly courtesy, but prompted by genuine anxiety and regret. The carriages which crowded the purlieus of Whitehall were filled alike by those who had honored him and those who had wronged him or had complained of wrong at his hands. The bitterest spirit of party could scarcely create a difference of feeling at such a time; and the hearty and unreserved sympathy which every public journal expressed, from the moment of the fatal accident, represented not only the general sentiment of the country, but the shock which professed and practical politicians universally experienced on the sudden removal from the arena of the great parliamentary leader. Yet it was still more interesting to observe the sensation which was created by the melancholy circumstances in those who, being neither colleagues nor rivals, opponents nor followers, of the dying statesman, could never have regarded him with the peculiar interest which personal intercourse seldom fails to create, even where it has only served as the occasion for personal hostility and conflict. Thousands who never left their names at the door, or saw them recorded in the papers, inquired anxiously for the latest intelligence. Scarcely a passenger went by without stopping to repeat the universal question, or heard the discouraging answer without an expression or look of regret. Some hours after the announcement of the fatal result, groups of people still remained opposite the house of the deceased, looking at the silent and empty walls in which he had breathed his last. The bodily remains were within; the last visitors had withdrawn; no sight could be expected to attract or reward curiosity; the crowd was only brought and kept together by the natural and unconscious tendency to realize a feeling by connecting it with the visible locality as its home. Neither the shutters in shop-windows, nor the lowered flags on the river, nor all the other becoming and customary symbols of general mourning, were more significant of the public consciousness of loss than these spectators collected in Whitehall Gardens to look on vacancy, while the pomps and vanities of a royal levée were inviting the gaze of idlers within a quarter of a mile. About the same hour, the House of Commons adjourned in respect to the memory of its chief, on the motion of his veteran opponent of more than thirty years. The earnestness and sincerity with which Mr. Hume declared that he could not express his feelings were more fitting to the occasion than any flight of eloquence. The speeches which were delivered on the next day in both Houses of Parliament, the demonstrations of respect and sorrow which have been made by the chief provincial

towns, and the compliments paid to the deceased statesman by the French Assembly, sufficiently record the unanimous estimation of Sir Robert Peel's services and public character.

Some, perhaps, may have been surprised at the universal sorrow for one whose living virtues had received a recognition so scanty and so cold; but it would be sceptical to question the sincerity of the general feeling, although it would be alike unsafe and ungenerous to insist too strongly on the praises wrung from opponents under the impulse of a sudden misfortune. Some part of the general impression is, no doubt, to be attributed to the natural sympathy which accompanies all who are placed in a great, or even in a conspicuous position. The imagination is more easily moved by the fate of those whose person and character have long been familiar to it; nor is the reality of death at any time so vividly felt as when it occupies all minds simultaneously. Nevertheless, there remains, after every deduction, a large amount of genuine regret and a sincere appreciation which is personal and peculiar to the deceased alone. The contrast between the eulogies heaped upon the dead, and the faint praise of bitter hostility which so often waited on the living statesman, is not only the result of natural sympathy, but the index of the wide variance which often exists between public and private opinion. The wide-spread reliance on his patriotism and practical wisdom, which was known to all who mixed in society beyond the range of mere professional politicians, had little opportunity of expressing itself in public, and little need of utterance. He had not only ceased to be a party leader, but he was not considered the representative of any special political doctrines. Free-trade had older and more exclusive champions, and no one knew the exact point at which he might next take his stand in the struggle between movement and resistance. Those who trusted him believed not that he would adopt this measure or that, but that he would judge of successive questions honestly and carefully, and, above all, that the country would be guided by his judgment. Such was the private or unexpressed opinion which has now almost for the first time made itself heard in the form of general regret for the loss which the country has suffered. It was not unnatural that, during his lifetime, the public or audible sentiment should appear to be widely different. It is the function of platforms and meetings, and it has become the function of newspapers, to express the peculiarities and distinctive shades of political opinion, and often party feeling. Sir Robert Peel was to all parties either obnoxious or formidable, and no sect of politicians could glorify in his person the embodiment of his own peculiar doctrine. Until the recent change took place in the management of the *Morning Chronicle*, the statesman most trusted by the country had no supporter in the daily press; and it is remarkable that in the latter part of his administration he was the object of open hostility to the whole body of the metropolitan newspapers, with the exception of

one weekly journal.* That public writers should reserve their praises for those who share and represent their own views of policy is unavoidable and possibly useful; but the public opinion which they are mainly instrumental in forming requires from time to time the correction of the silent uncontroversial judgment which we have spoken of as private opinion.

A part also of the frequent indisposition to recognize during his lifetime the merits which have of late been so fully admitted, may be attributed to a serious defect in his character, his incapacity of exciting personal attachment and enthusiasm in those with whom he acted. The traditions of the party in which he was bred had never prescribed the careful cultivation of social influences over political adherents which has so long contributed to cement the power of the whig aristocracy; but all parties alike are sensible to a genial and hearty bearing on the part of their chosen leaders. Sir Robert Peel may have obtained and deserved the regard of those who were nearest to him, but he had none of the warmth and expansiveness of nature which invite general cordiality, and convert followers into friends. His reserved coldness of manner, his want of sympathy for the reasonable ambition of his younger adherents, and for the difficulties in which his policy might place his supporters, chilled many a willing attachment, and accounted for much of the bitterness of opponents who had once been on his side. Much self-denial and patriotism was required for the warm support of a minister who forgot to speak to his friends in the street, or walked out of the house during the climax of their speeches. The world at large is little affected by the social qualities of a statesman; but there is no more legitimate source of influence than that which arises from the cordial attachment of personal admirers. In escaping the dangers which beset the hero and idol of a social circle, the successful parliamentary leader dispensed with one of the most genuine tests, and with the happiest, though not the highest, forms of greatness.

Some benefit may, perhaps, arise from this deficiency, if it renders the formation or continuance of a Peelite sect improbable. There is seldom any advantage in a name which keeps parties from moving with circumstances. In the absence of a body of exclusive doctrines, a personal influence, like that which was exercised by Fox, might, in the case of Peel, have stiffened and condensed itself into a badge of a separate party. In the absence of friendly enthusiasm he has left no rule of conduct sufficiently definite and narrow to form the bond of political association. His soundest principle was a wise regard for expediency, and

his distinguishing faculty was an admirable sagacity in discerning it. Where the safest and most convenient course was to be found, he steered the vessel of the state with little regard to the opinions of his crew, or even to sailing orders which he might himself have issued. If any of the rising pilots who are to weather future storms wish to follow and imitate their predecessor, they must not merely profess a preference for the starboard tack, or for the leeward sea channel, because he may have adopted them with success. They must learn, like him, the signs of the winds and the currents; and, above all, when they have discovered their course, they must resolve, like him, to follow it. Except the pursuit of his own individual interest, a politician can have no meaner rule of action than that of party expediency. On the other hand, the highest principle which a statesman can hold is the preference of national expediency to all other considerations. It often happens that party interests prescribe rigid adherence to some proposition which passes for a principle. The interest of the nation is more changeable and various in its forms; and thus, by a ready fallacy, the mere partisan often succeeds in denouncing the advocate of the true objects of government as a mere follower of expediency, and, by a false inference, as a traitor to principle. A party which had no common purpose but to promote the public interest might call itself after the name of Peel, if, in adopting its rule of conduct, it had not already ceased to be a party.

Still more valuable is the lesson which he taught by example, that success and not display is the object of political exertion. Though his life seemed to be spent in parliamentary debate, it was marked, in all parts of its course, by the practical results which it produced in the institutions and administration of the country. By no means exempt from the love of display, nor superior to the temptation of claptrap, he distinguished himself from the mere debater and rhetorician by the use to which he turned his oratorical triumphs. To effect his objects it is necessary to possess the power which is vested in a parliamentary leader, and which can only be acquired by mastery in the art of talk; but at the point where the vanity of the charlatan is satisfied he felt that the function of a statesman began. In his early years, while the world only gave him credit for repeating, in somewhat more plausible language, the party creed of the Irish secretaries of the day, he found time to establish the efficient police force, which seems to be the only modern institution which has taken root in the sister island. The improvements in the criminal law which marked his tenure of the Home-office, the establishment of the London police force, the Act of 1819 for resuming cash payments, and the Bank Charter Act, which, a quarter of a century later, provided for the maintenance of the same principle, may serve as specimens of the practical activity to which Sir R. Peel's parliamentary speeches served merely as preparations and flourishes. It is true that he was no philosophical inventor or far-sighted political prophet.

[*This was the Spectator, afterwards called tory-radical: a paper which had the sagacity to distinguish between the whig high professions of principle and Sir Robert's practical performance—a part in which his antagonists were sadly deficient. Possibly the same difference may be found between statesmen and demagogues in this country.—*Liv. Age.*]

Ricardo and Horner may have anticipated him in finance, and less ingenious speculators may have observed the inefficiency of the ancient watchmen; but for the certainty of procuring change for a five-pound note we are indebted to Peel's bill, and if we can carry it along the street in our pockets in safety we may generally thank the "Peelers." The blue coat and truncheon which guard our towns, instead of the cumbrous and dangerous military apparatus which on the continent watches equally against pick-pockets and rebels, may alone outbalance the windy wisdom of many an ambitious lifetime. There may be many true doctrines which he never preached, but there are none which he preached in vain. Let it be considered how much is included in the proposition, that he never recommended an object as desirable which he did not live to realize. His truisms and egotisms will soon be forgotten, and posterity may feel little gratitude for his solemn declaration that it was wise to reform proved abuses; but the changes which he effected will have modified the national history and by their results he will be judged. If his fame survives, it may serve to point to the moral that talking is only used when it facilitates acting, and that the art of government consists, not in enunciating doctrines conservative or liberal, but in wisely and actually governing.

It is not, however, uninteresting to consider his character in the subordinate capacity of an orator.

The Duke of Wellington, in a few broken sentences, interrupted by emotions which affect us very differently from those of softer and more susceptible natures, selected only one quality of his friend for praise, as that which had most strongly impressed him. "He always told the truth. I do not believe that, in the whole course of his life, he ever made an assertion which he did not believe to be the fact." Thus the straight-forward, time-honored soldier speaks of the much reviled "Traitor of Tamworth;" not in accordance, perhaps, with common opinion, and to the surprise even of many of the admirers of the deceased. There was no charge more constantly brought against him by his opponents than that of verbal sophistry and wilful obscurity of language. The subtlety which they denounced as cunning, the careful ambiguity which seemed a preparation for trimming, the reserve which sometimes covered itself with a cloud of phrases as a safer concealment than silence, were all rather excused than denied by his adherents, who could not themselves but sometimes smile at the balancing of reciprocally destroying negatives in his periods, and the safe and catholic generality of the truisms to which he publicly pledged himself. "Poor Peel!" said a great moral humorist once, "who so often acts the truth, and seems destined never to speak it." Once, when he was asked to explain his intentions as a landlord, he replied, that if a deserving tenant applied to him for a lease he would not pledge himself to abstain from hesitating long before he refused to take the proposal into consideration. At another time he informed the House of Commons, with the air of a candid convert to a

paradoxical novelty, that he must, whatever might be the consequences, express his belief that Louis Philippe, then in the height of his prosperity, was the greatest monarch who had ruled over France—since the time of Napoleon. Nevertheless, we believe that the Duke of Wellington is as correct in his judgment as he is sincere in uttering it, and he at least "never made an assertion which he did not believe to be the fact." In his own case, he would probably have answered the inquiry as to the management of his estate by an announcement that "the field-marshal considered the question impertinent;" and of Louis Philippe he would have said nothing, unless he had something to say. Yet Sir Robert Peel, in fact, said the same, though in a manner less intelligible and less dignified. The promise as to the leases will be found by eliminating the equation to import, that he would act as might seem expedient when the case occurred; and the proposition as to the King of the French amounted to an elaborate and articulate nothing. It is by no means the uniform duty of a statesman to gratify public curiosity. When inopportune it may be more dignified to rebuke it; but Sir Robert found it more popular, perhaps more amusing, to baffle it, while he formally complied with it; nor must we forget that it is sometimes a part of secrecy to withhold the admission that there is a secret. Of direct false statement, or of prevarication, he could not be justly accused; but it must be admitted that his obscurities, and his elaborate statements of useless generalities, were wholly deliberate and wilful. When he wished to convey a fact, or to communicate an opinion, no man was less liable to misconception. His language was cloudy only when it dwelt on matters which, however clear to himself, were not fitted or not ripe for parliamentary inspection. Of his future intentions he would speak in well-turned periods, which left his hearers wondering at his communicativeness, and at their own incapacity to profit by it, till at last they acquiesced in the modest conviction, "that all they knew was—nothing could be known." When, on the other hand, he had a difficult and complicated subject to explain, he got rid at will of his abstract phrases and of his double negatives. His budget speeches are masterpieces of lucidity; and the house will long recollect the relief which it felt in monetary discussions, when his famous question of "What is a pound?" with its plain-spoken materialistic solution, used to sweep away the foggy masses of Birmingham financial metaphysics like a sudden shift of wind to the north.

Sir Robert Peel's qualifications as a speaker have, on the whole, been justly appreciated. He had little capacity for that elevated rhetoric which, like every other form of eloquence, reached its perfection in Demosthenes; but he had a quality for which the great Athenian orator was equally distinguished—a thorough understanding of his audience, and a steady view to practical results. His voice was musical and powerful, but his action was eminently ungraceful, and his perorations were sometimes more pompous than impressive; on the

other hand, his arrangement of topics was admirably skilful, his memory unfailing, and his readiness as a debater seldom equalled. His playfulness was happier than is commonly supposed, and it was all the more effective from its general reference to the familiar conventionalities of Parliament. His transient allusions to individuals, his smiles, and gestures, and quotations, used to convulse the house with laughter, which seemed unaccountable when reported in the newspapers. The professional nature of his jokes, perhaps, deprives him of some of the credit which he deserved. They served their purpose at the time; and success is the best test of the rhetorical fitness of humor, if not of its intrinsic value. It may be, also, that in Parliament, as in every private circle, there is as much genuine playfulness exercised in dealing with ancient jests and accustomed associations, as in conceiving the more recondite and startling combinations which are recognized as specimens of humor by the world at large. To the character of a wit Sir Robert Peel had no pretension. Not a single good saying remains to preserve the memory of the skilful banter which so often excited the amusement of his hearers, and disturbed the composure of his adversaries. Nor do we anticipate that his speeches will survive him. Their chief merit consisted in their admirable fitness to their immediate purpose. Where information was required, no statesman of his time was equally capable of supplying it, nor could any contemporary orator adapt himself better to the temper of his audience; but in style, the sole preservative of speeches or of writings, his rhetoric was altogether deficient. His greatness as a speaker must rest on the solid basis of success. For twenty years, among able reasoners and brilliant declaimers, some of them his superiors in almost every assignable quality of an orator, he led the house with a recognized superiority to all parliamentary competitors of which no example had been offered since the time of the elder Pitt. At the time when his power out of doors was greatest, he had still a special and peculiar influence which was confined to the walls of the House of Commons; and, even in the days of newspaper reporting, it is no inconsiderable proof of tact and skill in a speaker to convey impressions to his immediate hearers which are lost in the written record of his discourse. The least valuable parts of his speeches were those which were, perhaps, introduced rather to gratify himself than to persuade his audience. Abstract propositions and solemn declarations of faith were not the figures of rhetoric in which he was qualified by nature to excel.

The circumstances and personal demeanor of Sir Robert Peel were well calculated to strengthen his influence in the country. The recent elevation of his family by manufacturing prosperity, while it appealed to the sympathy of the most active and rising section of the political community, seemed to account for the untiring and business-like industry of his habits, and for his consummate familiarity with the mysteries of trade and of finance. A more real support, however, was added by the possession

of a princely fortune, administered in perfect accordance with the tastes and customs of Englishmen, and furnishing him with the means of moving on an equal level with the most powerful class of the aristocracy. If some of the body, in anger or in jealousy, confided to their sycophants their incurable distrust and dislike for the blood of the cotton-spinner, he was not the less surrounded by the homage which rank in this country prudently pays to wealth and substantial power. The ablest living politician, born a millionaire, was careful to present in his own person to his social equals the type of the wealthy English gentleman of the nineteenth century. The first who ever took double honors at Oxford, he possessed the classical accomplishments which the traditions of his youth attributed to the statesmen of the past generation, perhaps in higher perfection than any of them. We have no doubt that he knew Greek better than Pitt or Fox; perhaps he knew it better than Granville or Canning. In later life he appropriated, with ready tact, the popular sciences which modern taste prescribes to the enlightened aristocrat. Political economy he practised rather than talked; but the applauding public saw among the list of his guests the geologists and the agricultural chemists, and rejoiced to know that its favorite ruler solaced his leisure with the studies or the conversation which instructed and amused itself. Artists also, and men of letters, were flattered by his notice, and repaid it by the credit which their society conferred on his taste and judgment. His character, however, as a landlord and a farmer came nearer to the hearts of his countrymen. The importance which he attributed to his celebrated short-horn bull gave rise to much justifiable laughter; but his prelections on green crops, and his extensive system of draining, secured to him the respect of a class which practically believes the long-preached doctrine, that the substitution of two blades of grass for one is better than all the achievements of political philosophy. Nor was he deficient in the lighter accomplishments which become the country squire. He was unfortunately not a bold or skilful rider, and we are not aware whether he had cultivated the art of fishing, in which he must have been eminently qualified to excel; but he was well known as a keen and killing shot, and his zeal as a game preserver is said to have sometimes conflicted inopportunely with his devotion to the interests of the farmer. Whatever propensities to innovation existed in his nature were directed to serious political ends; in all his personal habits, both from inclination and prudence, he conformed to established custom; and, in the avoidance of all religious or irreligious extremes, as well as in the uniform propriety and decorum of his domestic character, he reflected and shared the virtues which are most esteemed by the strongest and steadiest portion of the community.

The portions of his public career which have been most diligently canvassed are the two great changes in opinion which he underwent, and effected in practice, with respect to Catholic Emanci-

pation and the corn-laws. In 1829 he held only the second place, although he incurred almost all the odium which was heaped on the lately Protestant cabinet. It is remarkable that the Duke of Wellington, while he justly obtained the chief credit of the patriotic change, overawed by the weight of his character the scurrility of his irritated opponents. The accusations of falsehood and meanness were reserved for Peel alone, while his lofty colleague was assailed with such harmless missiles as raving insinuations of his treasonable designs on the crown. The ex-member for Oxford had his own conscience alone to console him for the invectives of the crowd, and the anger of his alienated friends. He might foresee that calmer reflection would exonerate him from the charge of interested motives in resigning the leadership of a powerful party, and opening the way to a speedy downfall of a ministry which had appeared to be destined for permanence; but it was impossible to blind himself to the fact, that the reputation and power which he had been building up for more than twenty years was destroyed, and that the public belief in his consistency and political foresight was rudely, if not irrecoverably, shaken. There can be no doubt that he deserved censure, not for consenting to the Catholic Relief Bill, in 1829, but for opposing it in previous years. The reasons for the change had become little stronger, and the benefits to be attained by it had been, in a great measure, sacrificed by delay. The excuse for his conduct is, that he was grown wiser by experience and the best compensation for his error was the self-sacrificing courage with which he redeemed it. The bitter resentment which punishes the desertion of a party by its leader was about the same time curiously contrasted with the general tolerance for a mere change of opinion, especially in the popular direction. Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston, with the rest of Canning's immediate followers, veered round on the far more important question of Parliamentary Reform as directly as Peel had done with respect to the Catholics, at the same time that the Duke of Richmond took his seat with Lord Ripon in the cabinet directed by Lord Grey. We censure neither the change itself nor the indifference with which it was generally regarded; but the remembrance of similar profitable gyrations may well have served to mitigate the anger expressed for the apostate, who was, at least, a martyr to his apostasy.

The struggle of the Reform Bill restored him in a short time to the command of his alienated party. He contended with abundant vigor and ability against the change which had become inevitable; but the experience of very few following years must have convinced him of the error of his judgment. If personal ambition had been his ruling motive, he would have rejoiced to see that, while he was relieved from his old dependence on the borough-owners of his party, a new class of politicians had risen into importance, of whom he was eminently qualified to be the leader. We can-

not doubt that on public grounds, when his early apprehensions were removed by time, he appreciated the security which the constitution had derived from the excision of abuses, which were even more dangerous by the scandal which they justly caused than by the practical evils which they produced. To his individual fame and greatness the passing of the Reform Bill was greatly serviceable. He was relieved from a barren combat, in which he might have wasted his life by the defence of an untenable position, or compromised his reputation by deserting it at last. He had mistaken the merits of the dispute while it lasted; but he at once, and apparently alone, understood the practical result. He saw the resources which still remained to the defeated party, and, determining at once to reorganize it, he relieved it from the crippling traditions which confined it to the office of mere indiscriminate resistance.

It is remarkable that the stage in Sir Robert Peel's life which Lord John Russell selected for special mention and praise was that in which he formed and trained the new conservative party, and at last established it in office. The safe working of the Reform Bill, in the opinion of its proposer, was mainly secured by the temperance and foresight of its most powerful opponent. In teaching his followers to act in the spirit of the new constitution, he saved them not only from the errors of reaction, but from the opposite dangers of popular irritation and alarm. His ancient adversary, long versed in party warfare, and in the anxious responsibilities of political leadership, is, perhaps, at the distance of many years, the most competent judge of the qualities which were displayed in that ten years' conflict. Lord John's thoughtful recognition of the greatness of his rival's merits in the portion of his career in which they were most formidable to himself, is as creditable to his sagacity of observation as to the generosity which has prompted every allusion he has made to the deceased, and which has sought, in every becoming manner, to accumulate honors on his tomb.

The services which the organizer of the new conservative party conferred on those who have since most deeply resented his conduct, were justly expressed by one of his followers:—"He enabled me," he candidly said, "to remain a tory, as I was born, without the necessity of being, at the same time, a fool." The use of such a teacher, not merely to his immediate pupils, is best shown by the spirit which now actuates the reactionary side of the French Assembly. The future of their country would look brighter if they had now a Peel to persuade them that the cure for a past revolution is not necessarily a counter-revolution.

Notwithstanding the success which rewarded his ten years' opposition, and the brilliant reputation which he acquired, by his six months' tenure of office in 1834-5, it is, perhaps, a just subject for regret that for so long a period his administrative activity was suspended, and the practical statesman absorbed in the party leader. From

the moment of his return to office he devoted himself wholly to the country. His followers complained, not unnaturally, that, after making them his instruments for acquiring power, he had forgotten their interests as a party. The gulf which separated him from them in the autumn of 1845 had been threatening to open long before. The bold imposition of the Income-tax, accompanied by the Customs' reductions of 1842, was not the measure which might have been expected from the champion of the aristocracy of the land. The more extensive reform of the tariff, which he effected two years later, was recommended by the success and popularity of the changes which preceded it, and facilitated by the commencement of a period of general prosperity and confidence. It was not until 1845 that disaffection among his adherents openly burst forth, on the minister's determination to substitute a permanent endowment for the annual grant to Maynooth. Many well-meaning zealots were scandalized at the slight supposed to be offered to Protestantism; and an occasion or an excuse was afforded for the brilliant acrimony of Mr. Disraeli, and the persevering hostility of the *Times*. Still the bulk of the party adhered, though dissatisfied, to their leader. A minority of them cordially approved his policy, and waited in hope for its development. The remainder knew the futility of opposition on minor points to a minister who never propounded a measure without resolving to establish it by law.

It would be useless to speculate, for the hundredth time, on the motives which finally determined Sir Robert Peel to abolish the Corn-laws. It is probable that the moment selected for the change was decided, as he always afterwards declared, by the failure of the potato-crop in Ireland. The formidable organization of the Corn-law League may have not been without its influence on his policy; but we incline to the belief that the success of his own commercial reforms produced the most decisive effect on the peculiar constitution of his mind. In defending his change, of the tariff, he had been compelled again and again to enforce the main axioms of political economy; and the sophistry involved in his defence of the Corn-laws as an exceptional case must every day have proved more painful. Habitually attentive to facts, he required experimental proof before he became an entire convert to the Free-trade theory; but a few tangible results, produced by himself, relieved him from all further hesitation. It was painful to confess a long course of error, and to be alienated from the great body of his friends and supporters; and yet, when he determined on his final change of policy, there must have been a consolation to a generous mind in the reflection that he could personally only suffer loss from the resolution which was to confer benefits so signal on his country. Mean opponents, in the belief that his wealth consisted chiefly of personal property, insinuated a suspicion that his object was to lower the price of land, in anticipation of becoming afterwards a purchaser. The son of a duke was not

ashamed to ask, in the House of Commons, for the particulars of his private fortune, pretending to believe, or, more basely still, believing, that the acting sovereignty of England had been wilfully bartered for an increase of ten or fifteen per cent. on an already enormous income. To the duty of carrying out his new convictions Sir Robert Peel deliberately sacrificed the party leadership which he had so long possessed, and the office in which he was apparently fixed for life without fear of rivalry or competition. His opponents had shortly before professed the same change of opinion, when nothing else could secure them in power; he changed when nothing else could endanger it. They had occupied, in common with him, an untenable position; but when both moved in the same direction, they fell back on the bulk of their forces; he, moving in advance, was separated from his. Thus it was that the same change in one party was applauded as a master-piece of strategy, in the other was branded as desertion. The country at large, apart from the conflicting camps, viewed the rivals with more impartial justice. He who could only lose by change was not sacrificed to those who, though equally honest in their convictions, could only gain by yielding to them. But there was a more important distinction between the converted minister and those who had preceded him, in their abandonment of the Corn-laws. Whoever might denounce the grievance, he was known to have the power to remove it; and accordingly, six months after the public declaration of his resolution, the anomaly disappeared from the statute-book.

The dignity and patriotism of his conduct after retiring from office have been generally and justly acknowledged. He could not, perhaps, deny to himself that there was some foundation for the reproaches and the anger of his alienated friends. It had been one of the greatest errors of his political life to meet the party move of the fixed duty in 1841 by a successful party resistance. The penalty of the blunder was justly inflicted when, after five years, he fully redeemed it. The vulnerable parts of his conduct were eagerly fastened upon by his assailants, and the nourishment which they found was sufficient to pamper into sudden bulk two parasitical parliamentary reputations. The hard-mouthed invectives of Lord George Bentinck, and the brilliant sarcasms of Mr. Disraeli, derived all their interest and importance from the greatness of their intended victim. The survivor, once an undervalued man of genius, can feel but a qualified satisfaction in the applause which was refused to his polished eloquence when it advocated large and generous theories, and lavishly conceded to his witty expositions of party disappointment, and his skill in tormenting and persecuting obnoxious greatness.

It has been justly remarked that part of Sir Robert Peel's power was founded on the very slowness of his progress. In the development of his political views he represented the changes which took place during his lifetime in public opinion

and feeling. Neither lagging behind nor venturing far in advance of the general progress of the age, he was able to understand, and guide, and realize the tendencies by which he was himself influenced. The principal test of his individual greatness is to be found in the constant enlargement of his character; somewhat narrow in youth, and in maturity only an abler and more judicious partisan, he gradually expanded by experience and reflection into a generous and comprehensive statesman. It is not uncommon for early vivacity to condense, as youthful spirits disappear, into worldly keenness and common-place; and many instances will have occurred to a thoughtful observer, of the genial influence of time on pedantry and formality, when it arises from a narrow education and not from a prosaic nature. Prudence and decorum have sometimes their wild oats to sow, and leave the ground clearer after a preliminary crop of prejudices. By far the greater number contract with age; but the larger and stronger natures expand, as Peel's expanded, by observation, and still more by action. Attentive from the first to his immediate duties, he was rewarded for his diligent inspection of what was near him by a constantly increasing circle of vision. His character was strong enough to correspond with the enlargement of his intellectual views; and he had the courage to follow his convictions when they were bold and new, as he had acted upon them when they were recommended by the traditions and practice of the teachers and colleagues of his youth. Even his outward appearance corresponded in its development to his mind. The sagacious but common-place countenance of his earlier manhood was marked, as he advanced in years, by a peculiar expression of refined and somewhat playful acuteness. The ready adaptation of his features to the purposes of not unfriendly or disrespectful caricature was chiefly facilitated by the more recent traits of countenance to which we refer. A faithful portrait conveyed so much of his character, that the slightest exaggeration immediately represented the humorous or satirical purpose of the artist. No caricaturist could have made him look dull, or silly, or intemperate; but his sagacious look was easily converted into a glance of triumphant slyness or sometimes of complacent superiority. By far the best portraits of him which remain are to be found among the sketches of H.B. and of *Punch*. We hope that, among the various memorials which are to be erected in his honor, there will be found at least one which may preserve the memory of his features, and be worthy of its subject and of the country; but even if our artists add another failure to the long list of our national shortcomings, we have no fear that history will fail to do justice to an honest and generally successful statesman. The emotion which has been occasioned by his death is honorable to the character of the country, and to himself it constitutes a memorial so noble and befitting a worthy ruler,

That kings for such a tomb might wish to die.

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

STORM on the heaving waters! The vast sky
Is stooping with its thunder. Cloud on cloud,
Rolls heavily in the darkness, like a shroud
Shaken by midnight's angel from on high,
Through the thick sea-mist, faintly and afar;
Chorazin's watch light glimmers like a star,
And momentarily, the ghastly cloud-fires play
On the dark sea-wall of Capernaum's bay;
The tower and turret into light spring forth,
Like spectres starting from the storm-swept earth,
And vast and awful, Tabor's mountain form,
Its Titan forehead naked to the storm,
Towers for one instant, full and clear, and then
Blends with the blackness and the cloud again.

And it is very terrible! The roar
Ascendeth unto heaven, and thunders back,
Like the response of demons, from the black
Rifts of the hanging tempest, yawning o'er
The wild waves in their torment. Hark! the
cry

Of strong man in his peril, piercing through
The uproar of the waters and the sky,
As the rent bark one moment rides to view,
On the tall billows, with the thunder-cloud
Closing around, above her, like a shroud.

He stood upon the reclining deck—his form
Made visible by the lightning, and his brow
Pale, and uncovered to the rushing storm,
Told of a triumph man may never know;
Power underived and mighty; "PEACE—*be still!*"
The great waves heard him, and the storm's
loud tone

Went moaning into silence at his will;
And the thick clouds, where yet the lightning shone
And slept the latent thunder, rolled away
Until no trace of tempest lurked behind,
Changing, upon the pinions of the wind,
To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

Dread ruler of the tempest! Thou before
Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm;
To whom the waves do homage round the shore
Of many an island's empire! if the form
Of the frail dust beneath thine eye, may claim,
Thy infinite regard; O, breathe upon
The storm and darkness of man's soul the same
Quiet, and peace, and humbleness which came
O'er the roused waters, where thy voice had gone
A minister of power, to conquer in thy name.

From the Episcopical Recorder.

In the evening ye say, It will be fair weather, for the
sky is red.—MATT. xvi. 2.

BEHOLD the opening clouds! The sable sky,
Which the long day hath worn a funeral hue,
Gives through dispersing mists heaven's gentle
blue

Unto the grateful vision!—Scattering, fly
The heavy masses that but lately hung
Drearly o'er the world; for light hath flung
Her robe o'er dark, and gladness over gloom.
My clouds (those spirit-clouds) are parting too;
And the bright sun, out-bursting, doth illumine
My being's atmosphere. How sweet joy's hue
Stealing o'er clouds of sorrow! O! how fair
The rainbow-tints of hope and happiness
Thrown on the sky which seemed as it could wear
But mist and gray! God lives! and yet will
bless.

PART VIII.

ELEGANT and ingenious as are the structures and collections of the satin bower-bird, the species of the allied genus *Chlamydera* display still greater architectural abilities, and more extensive, collective, and decorative powers.

The spotted bower-bird* is an inhabitant of the interior. Its probable range, in Mr. Gould's opinion, is widely extended over the central portions of the Australian continent; but the only parts in which he observed it, or from which he procured specimens, were the districts immediately to the north of the colony of New South Wales. During his journey into the interior, he saw it in tolerable abundance at Brezi, on the river Mokai, to the northward of the Liverpool plains; and it was also equally numerous in all the low scrubby ranges in the neighborhood of the Namoi, as well as in the open brushes that intersect the plains on its borders. Mr. Gould is gifted with the eye of an observer; but, from the extreme shyness of its disposition, it generally escapes the attention of ordinary travellers, and it seldom allows itself to be approached near enough for the spectator to discern its colors. Its "harsh, grating, scolding note" betrays its haunts to the intruder; but, when disturbed, it seeks the tops of the highest trees, and, generally, flies off to another locality.

Mr. Gould obtained his specimens most readily by watching at the water-holes where they come to drink; and, on one occasion, near the termination of a long drought, he was guided by a native to a deep basin in a rock, where water, the produce of many antecedent months, still remained. Numbers of the spotted bower-birds, honey-suckers and parrots, sought this welcome reservoir, which had seldom, if ever before, reflected a white face. Mr. Gould's presence was regarded with suspicion by the winged frequenters of this attractive spot; but while he remained lying on the ground perfectly motionless, though close to the water, their wants overpowered their misgivings, and they would dash down past him and eagerly take their fill, although an enormous black snake was lying coiled upon a piece of wood near the edge of the pool. At this interesting post Mr. Gould remained for three days. The spotted bower-birds were the most numerous of the thirsty assemblage there congregated, and the most shy; and yet he had the satisfaction of frequently seeing six or eight of them displaying their beautiful necks as they were perched within a few feet of him. He states that the scanty supply of water remaining in the cavity, must soon have been exhausted by the thousands of birds that daily resorted to it, if the rains, which had so long been suspended, had not descended in torrents.

Mr. Gould discovered several of the bowers of this species during his journey to the interior; the finest of which, now in the National Museum, he brought to England. He found the situations of these runs or bowers to be much varied. Some-

times he discovered them on the plains studded with Myalls, (*Acacia pendula*.) and sometimes in the brushes with which the lower hills were clothed. He describes them as considerably longer, and more avenue-like, than those of the satin bower-bird, extending in many instances to three feet in length. Outwardly they were built with twigs, and beautifully lined with tall grasses, so disposed that their upper ends nearly met. The decorations were very profuse, consisting of bivalve shells, skulls of small animals, and other bones.

Evident and beautiful indications of design (continues Mr. Gould) are manifest throughout the whole of the bower and decorations formed by this species, particularly in the manner in which the stones are placed within the bower, apparently to keep the grasses with which it is lined firmly fixed in their places; these stones diverge from the mouth of the run, on each side, so as to form little paths, while the immense collection of decorative materials, bones, shells, &c., are placed in a heap before the entrance of the avenue, this arrangement being the same at both ends. In some of the larger bowers, which had evidently been resorted to for many years, I have seen nearly half a bushel of bones, shells, &c., at each of the entrances. In some instances, small bowers, composed almost entirely of grasses, apparently the commencement of a new place of rendezvous, were observable. I frequently found these structures at a considerable distance from the rivers, from the borders of which they could alone have procured the shells, and small, round, pebbly stones; their collection and transportation must, therefore, be a task of great labor and difficulty. As these birds feed almost entirely upon seeds and fruits, the shells and bones cannot have been collected for any other purpose than ornament; besides, it is only those which have been bleached perfectly white in the sun, or such as have been roasted by the natives, and by this means whitened, that attract their attention. I fully ascertained that these runs, like those of the satin bower-bird, formed the rendezvous of many individuals; for, after secreting myself for a short space of time near one of them, I killed two males which I had previously seen running through the avenue.

The plumage of this species is remarkable. A rich brown pervades the crown of the head, the ear-coverts and the throat, each feather being bordered by a narrow black line; and, on the crown, the feathers are small and tipped with silver gray. The back of the neck is crossed by a beautiful, broad, light, rosy pink band of elongated feathers, so as to form a sort of occipital crest. The wings, tail, and upper surface, are deep brown; every feather of the back, rump, scapularies, and secondaries, having a large round spot of full buff at the tip. Primaries slightly tipped with white. All the tail-feathers with buffy white terminations. Under parts grayish white. Flank-feathers zig-zagged, with faint transverse light brown lines. Bill and feet dusky brown. At the corner of the mouth, the bare, thick, fleshy, prominent skin, is of a pinky flesh color, and the irides are dark brown.

* *Chlamydera maculata*.—GOULD.

The rosy frill adorns the adults of both sexes ; but the young male and female of the year have it not.

Another species, the great bower-bird,* was probably the architect of the bowers found by Captain Grey during his Australian rambles, and which interested him greatly, in consequence of the doubts entertained by him whether they were the works of a bird or of a quadruped—the inclination of his mind being, that their construction was due to the four-footed animal. They were formed of dead grass and parts of bushes, sunk a slight depth into two parallel furrows, in sandy soil, and were nicely arched above ; they were always full of broken sea-shells, large heaps of which also protruded from the extremity of the bower. In one of these bowers, the most remote from the sea of those discovered by Captain Grey, was a heap of the stones of some fruit that evidently had been rolled therein. He never saw any animal in or near these bowers ; but the abundant droppings of a small species of kangaroo close to them, induced him to suppose them to be the work of some quadruped.

Here, then, we have a race of birds, whose ingenuity is not merely directed to the usual ends of existence—self-preservation, and the continuation of the species—but to the elegancies and amusements of life. Their bowers are their ball and assembly rooms ; and we are very much mistaken if they are not like those places of meeting,

For whispering lovers made.

The male satin bower-bird, in the garden at the Regent's Park, is indefatigable in his assiduity towards the female ; and his winning ways to coax her into the bower, conjure up the notion that the soul of some Damon, in the course of its transmigration, has found its way into his elegant form. He picks up a brilliant feather, flits about with it before her, and when he has caught her eye, adds it to the decorations.

Haste, my Nanette, my lovely maid,
Haste to the bower thy swain has made.

No enchanted prince could act the deferential lover with more delicate or graceful attention. Poor fellow ; the pert, intruding sparrows plague him abominably ; and really it becomes almost an affair of police, that some measures should be adopted for their exclusion. He is subject to fits, too, and suddenly, without the least apparent warning, falls senseless, like an epileptic patient ; but presently recovers, and busies himself about the bower. When he has induced the female to enter it, he seems greatly pleased ; alters the disposition of a feather or a shell, as if hoping that the change may meet her approbation ; and looks at her as she sits coyly under the overarching twigs, and then at the little arrangement which he has made, and then at her again, till one could almost fancy that one hears him breathe a sigh. He is still in his transition dress, and has not yet donned his full Venetian suit of black.

* *Chlamydera nuchalis*.

In their natural state, the satin bower-birds associate in autumn in small parties ; and Mr. Gould states that they may then often be seen on the ground near the sides of rivers, particularly where the brush feathers the descending bank down to the water's edge. The male has a loud, liquid call ; and both sexes frequently utter a harsh guttural note, expressive of surprise and displeasure.

Geffrey Chaucer, in his argument to *The Assemblée of Foules*, relates that "All foules are gathered before Nature on St. Valentine's day, to chuse their makes. A formell egle beyng beloved of three tercels, requireth a yeeres respite to make her choise ; upon this triall, *Qui bien aime tard oublie*—'He that loveth well is slow to forget.'" The female satin bower-bird in the Regent's Park seems to have taken a leaf out of the "formell egle's" book ; for I cannot discover that her humble and most obsequious swain has been rewarded for his attentions, though they have been continued through so many weary months ; but we shall never be able entirely to solve these mysteries, till we become possessed of the rare ring sent to the King of Sarra by the King of Arabie, "by the vertue whereof" his daughter understood "the language of all foules," unless we can

Call up him that left untold
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algersife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride.

Edmund Spenser, with due reverence for

Dan Chaucer, (well of English undefiled,)

has, indeed, done his best to supply the defect,* and has told us that

Cambello's sister was fair Canacee,
That was the learnedst lady in her days,
Well seen in every science that mote be,
And every secret work of nature's ways,
In witty riddles and in wise soothsays,
In power of herbs, and tunes of beasts and birds :

but we learn from him no more of the ring than "Dan Chaucer" tells us :—

The vertue of this ring, if ye woll here,
Is this ; that if she list it for to were
Upon her thombe, or in her purse it bere,
There is no foule that fleeth under heven
That she ne shall understand his steven,†
And know his meaning openly and plaine,
And answer him in his language againe ;

as Canace does in her conversation with the falcon in *The Squier's Tale*. Nor is the "vertue" of the ring confined to bird-intelligence, for the knight who came on the "steed of brasse," adds—

And every grasse that groweth upon root
She shall well know to whom it will do boot,
All be his wounds never so deep and wide.

But we must return from these realms of fancy to a country hardly less wonderful ; for Australia presents, in the realities of its quadrupedal forms, a scene that might well pass for one of enchantment.

* *Fairy Queen*, book iv., cant. 2, et seq. † Sound.

To the uninitiated, a commencement of an account in the following manner, would look very like a narrative proceeding from the pen of the renowned Captain Lemuel Gulliver.

The country of the marsupiates, or purse-bearers, is of enormous extent, and forms a fifth quarter of the globe. Their young are born in an embryotic state, and conveyed to a comfortable *marsupium* or pouch belonging to the mother, where there are teats, to which these fetuses attach themselves by their mouths. Here they stick, like little animated lumps, till the small knobs which exist at the places where the members ought to be, bud and shoot out into limbs. By and bye these limbs become more and more perfect, and the extremities are completely formed; till gradually the development of the creature reaches its proper proportions, and it is able to go alone. It is right pleasant to behold these curious little animals hopping or running about their parents, and on the most distant approach of danger flying for refuge to the purses of their mothers, where they disappear till it is past, and from whence, if they think they may safely venture, they peep out to see whether the coast is clear.

This, however, is an account of the *Marsupialia*, the *Animalia crumenata* of Scaliger, uncolored by the slightest exaggeration.

New Holland is the head-quarters of these anomalous creatures, and there the great type of the group is placed; nor does it extend far beyond the main land among the adjacent islands. In America it is scantily represented by the opossum; but neither the colder parts of that country nor its southern extremity, know it; neither do any representatives of the family occur in Europe, Asia, or Africa. Here, then, we have two far-distant regions presenting themselves as the two points of development of a form which has not spread over other portions of the earth; and, in truth, this, combined with the palæontological researches of Dr. Lund in Brazil, and of our own Owen, relative to the quadrupedal fossil remains of New Holland, is a strong argument for those who look upon these countries as two distinct foci of creation, and as affording examples, among many others, militating against the notion of a unique centre of origin of the animals now in existence.

These marsupials are, as far as observation has gone, of a low grade in the scale of intelligence, and their vocal powers are exceedingly limited. A growl, or a sort of hollow bark, is the nearest approach that is made among them to a completely developed sound, and a half-hissing, half-wheezing, guttural attempt at a cry, is the noise most frequently emitted by them when under the influence of irritation. I have in vain looked for that attachment to their keepers, and to those who are kind to them, which characterizes the more highly-developed quadrumanes and quadrupeds in captivity and their manners seem to remind the observer

of the reptilian rather than of the mammalian class. The wombat's loud serpentine hiss, when provoked, cannot fail to raise this idea in the mind of any generalizing naturalist who hears it; and as for the kangaroo, its larynx absolutely wants the necessary apparatus for producing a vocalized sound, to which the noise that the animal emits bears no resemblance.

The brain in these creatures is in accordance with the stupidity which renders them so unlike those mammiferous quadrupeds in which that organ exhibits a more advanced state of development. The examination of those marsupials that have fallen under the notice of comparative anatomists, indicates the impossibility of their manifesting those qualities which have so deservedly endeared the dog to man. They have no *corpus callosum*; and, without being very presumptuous, that portion of the brain may be pronounced, upon the authority of those who have not leaped to conclusions, but have humbly and patiently drawn them from a long course of study and experiment, to be the principal seat of memory. This defect at once accounts for the stupidity and want of attachment above alluded to. These marsupials seem to have just as much intelligence as will enable them to perform the animal functions, and no more. One of the *Thylacines* in the Regent's Park, when shut out of his dormitory, spent his time in walking round and round in a narrow circle, without even examining the extent or nature of his place of confinement, or expatiating; no, he went round and round, as if he had not sense to do anything more.

But we must introduce this brute form more particularly to our friends.

Thylacinus cynocephalus, the dog-faced opossum, vulgarly known as the zebra opossum and zebra wolf in Van Dieman's Land, is about the size of a young wolf. The short, smooth, dusky brown hair, is barred on the back, especially at the lower part and on the rump, with some fifteen or sixteen black transverse stripes, broadest on the back, and narrowing as they extend down the sides. Two or more of these zebra-like marks descend down the thighs considerably. The ground color on the back is of a blackish gray hue. The tail is long, but not large, nor does it look well-proportioned or symmetrically set on. It has forty-six teeth; eight incisors in the upper jaw and six in the lower, two canines above and two below, and twenty-eight molar teeth, fourteen in the upper jaw and the same number in the lower. There are five toes on each of the fore-feet, and four on each of the hind-feet.

Mr. Harris has described this, the largest of the Australian carnivorous animals in the *Transactions of the Linnean Society*. He remarks that it utters a short, guttural cry, and appears exceedingly inactive and stupid, having, like the owl, an almost constant motion with the nictitating membrane of the eye. The animal described by him was taken in a trap baited with kangaroo flesh, and lived

only a few hours after its capture ; in its stomach were found the partly-digested remains of a porcupine ant-eater.*

The native abode of this curious animal is among the caverns and rocks of the deep and almost impenetrable glens near the highest mountains of Van Dieman's Land.

I first clearly saw a pair of these animals fairly out in the light on the 26th May last, in one of the dens appropriated to the carnivorous animals in the garden of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park. They had been presented to the Society by Mr. Gunn. I had, on a former day, seen them imperfectly by getting into the outer apartment of their den and looking into their dormitory. When fairly exposed, they presented to my eyes the images of the most extraordinary animals that I had seen ; creatures, I repeat, such as one has beheld in dreams—uncouth, loggerheaded, oddly made up, as if Nature had been trying her " 'prentice han' " at wolf-making, and as if they belonged to a very ancient state of things in this planet, as all the native Australian quadrupeds do. The clumsy, ill-defined forms of these Thylacines have puzzled men to give them a name. " Wolves," " hyænas," are some of the appellations applied to them by the colonists, who saw a dog-like or wolf-like head on a body striped with marks resembling, in a degree, those of some of the hyænas. It is impossible for a palæontologist to look at them without fancying that he sees some fossil animal recalled to life ; and, indeed, the extinct zoophagous marsupial *Thylacotherium* must, as its name implies, have borne some resemblance to the animals now under consideration. There cannot have been any very wide zoological interval between the forms of the Thylacine and of the Thylacothere.

The Thylacines, like all the true Australian mammals, are strictly marsupial ; and the female rejoices in as good a pouch after her kind as the best-provided kangaroo of them all.

And what a beautiful provision this is ! how admirably adapted to the region in which the marsupials live, and move, and have their being ! Australia is proverbially wanting in rivers, and during a considerable portion of the year the supply of water is very precarious. Most of these quadrupeds drink very little ; and the mother, instead of dragging her young about wearily, to look, perhaps in vain, for water, has them comfortably wrapped up in her pouch, and thrives where a fox and her cubs would miserably perish.

The size of the fœtus of the kangaroo at the time of birth, together with the mode of its attachment to the nipple of the mother and other highly interesting particulars, may be collected from the experiments of Mr. Collie, Mr. Morgan, and especially of Professor Owen. From these it appears that the young, as soon as it is born, is removed—by the mother's mouth in all probability

—to the pouch, which is held open by the mother's fore-paws, and there held till it attaches itself to a nipple.

Professor Owen ascertained that the days of gestation in the kangaroo* are twenty-nine. In order to accustom the female to the examination of the pouch, they were commenced at a very early period of gestation, and were continued, till at seven in the morning of the 5th October, 1833, the fœtus was discovered in the pouch attached to the left superior nipple. On the preceding day at the same hour a considerable quantity of the moist brown secretion peculiar to the pouch was noticed, indicating that determination of the blood to that part had commenced, and at different times during that day the female put her head into the pouch and licked off the secretion. When examined at six o'clock in the evening, the only perceptible change in the state of the pouch was a slight increase of the secretion ; but none of the nipples exhibited any appearance indicating that she was so soon to become a mother. Closely watched as she was she contrived, however, to elude observation at the actual time of parturition, which took place in the night ; nor were there any appearances on the litter or about the fur of the animal indicative of the event.

The little one resembled an earth-worm in the color and semi-transparency of its integument, adhered firmly to the point of the nipple, breathed strongly but slowly, and moved its fore-legs when it was disturbed. Its little body was bent upon the abdomen, its short tail tucked in between its hind-legs ; and these legs, destined, if it had lived, to be so gigantically developed, and to execute such enormous bounds, were one third shorter than the fore-legs ; but the three divisions of the toes were distinct. Its whole length from the nose to the end of the tail, when stretched out, did not exceed one inch and two lines.

The professor was aware that the Hunterian dissections, which may be seen in the preparations exhibited in the noble museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, as well as the observations of Mr. Morgan and Mr. Collie, concurred in disproving the theory of a vascular mode of connection between the mammary fœtus and the nipple ; but as Geoffroy St. Hilaire had stated that a discharge of blood accompanies marsupial birth, or the detachment of the fœtus from the nipple, Professor Owen determined not to neglect the opportunity thus offered, and on the 9th of October, separated the infant creature from the organ that bound it to life.

The following reasons urged him to this act. First, it would decide the nature of the connection between the fœtus and the nipple. Secondly, it promised to afford the means of ascertaining the mammary secretion at this period. Thirdly, it might show whether so small a fœtus would manifest the powers of a voluntary agent in regaining the nipple ; and, lastly, the actions of

* *Echidna aculeata*.

* *Macropus major*.

the mother to effect the same purpose would probably be brought under notice.

When the fœtus, which retained a firm hold of the nipple, was detached, a small drop of whitish fluid, a serous milk, appeared on the point of the nipple, which had entered the mouth about half a line. This extremity was of smaller diameter than the rest of the organ, not being yet so compressed by the contracted orifice of the mouth as to form the clavate appearance which it presents at a later period. The poor young one moved its extremities vigorously after it was detached, but made no apparent effort to apply its legs to the integument of the mother, so as to creep along, but seemed to be perfectly helpless with regard to progressive motion. It was deposited at the bottom of the pouch. The mother was then liberated, and carefully watched for an hour.

She immediately exhibited symptoms of uneasiness, stooped down and licked herself, and scratched the outside of her pouch. At last, resting on the tripod formed by her hind legs and tail, she grasped the sides of the orifice of the pouch with her forepaws, and, drawing them asunder as in the act of opening a bag, she put her head into the cavity as far as the eyes, and moved it about in different directions. She never meddled with the pouch when she was in a recumbent posture; but when apparently urged by uneasy sensations, she rose and repeated the operation of drawing open the bag and inserting her muzzle, keeping it there sometimes for half a minute. Professor Owen never observed her put her fore-legs into the pouch; they were invariably used to open it. When she withdrew her head, she generally finished by licking the orifice of the pouch and swallowing the secretion. After repeating the act above described some dozen times, she lay down and seemed to be at ease. When she had remained quiet for about half an hour, she was again examined, and the young one was found, not at the bottom of the pouch, but within two inches of the nipple, breathing strongly and moving its extremities irregularly as before. The professor made an unsuccessful attempt to replace it on the nipple, and the mother was then released. Two days afterwards the pouch was found empty. Every portion of the litter was carefully searched, but no traces of the fœtus could be found. It was, therefore, concluded, that the mother had probably destroyed it in consequence of the disturbance, in accordance with the morbid habit to which I have in another part of these papers alluded. It is but just, however, to the professor to remark, that he had no reason for anticipating this fatal result; for when the Zoological Society held the farm at Kingston, the head keeper there had twice taken a mammary kangaroo fœtus from the nipple and pouch of the mother when it did not exceed an inch in length, and each time it again became attached to the nipple. It continued to grow without apparently having sustained any injury from the separation, until the death of the mother, when it was nearly fit for leaving the

pouch. The person who procured Mr. Collie's specimen told that gentleman that the young one did not pass the whole of its time with the papilla in its mouth, but had been remarked more than once not having hold of it. It had even been wholly removed from the pouch to the person's hand, and had always attached itself anew to the teat. Mr. Collie, with the tip of his finger, gently pressed the head of the little one away from the teat, of which it had hold, and continued pressing a little more strongly for a minute altogether, when the teat, that had been stretched to more than an inch, came out of the young one's mouth, and showed a small circular enlargement at its tip, well adapting it for being retained by the sucker's mouth, the opening of which seemed closed in on both sides, and only sufficiently open in front to admit the slender papilla. After this Mr. Collie placed the extremity of the teat close to the mouth of the young, and held it there for a short time without perceiving any decided effort to get hold of it anew; when he allowed the pouch to close and put the mother into her place of security. An hour afterwards the young one was observed still unattached; but in about two hours it had hold of the teat and was actively sucking.* Moreover, Mr. Morgan had detached a mammary fœtus about the size of a Norway rat, and after a separation of two hours from the nipple it regained its hold, without sustaining any injury from the interruption.

But although the pigmy young one has power enough to grasp the nipple and adhere firmly to it by the muscular strength of its lips, it must not be supposed that it is capable of drawing sustenance therefrom by its unaided efforts. So fetal a rudiment would have been in a sad condition, if it had depended for its supply entirely on its own exertions; but bounteous Nature has provided the assistance without which it must have perished. Geoffroy and the lamented Mr. Morgan have both demonstrated the action of a muscle on the mammary gland, so as to inject the milk into the mouth of the adherent suckling.

Here again is an instance of that wonderful adaptation of creative power, which must strike every one not absolutely petrified.

But, it may be objected, you can hardly assert that the young one's efforts of suction should always coincide with the injecting acts of the mother; and you must allow that if at any time there should be no such coincidence, the milk would be injected into the larynx, and so suffocate the fœtus.

Most true; but the same Power that willed the birth of the creature in such an embryotic condition has guarded against the possibility of this fatal result. The epiglottis and arytenoid cartilages are elongated and approximated, and the slit of the glottis is consequently placed at the apex of a conical larynx, which projects, as in the whales, into the posterior nostrils, where it is closely embraced by the muscles of the soft palate. Thus is

* *Zool. Journ.*, vol. v.

the air-passage completely separated from the fauces, and as the mother injects the milk the divided stream passes, without the possibility of its "going the wrong way," on each side of the larynx into the œsophagus and stomach.*

It has been remarked, that the conveyance of the fœtus into the pouch is probably effected by the mouth of the mother. The reasons for this belief are well given by Professor Owen, who observes, that, apart from the other circumstantial evidence, this mode of transmission is consistent with analogy, the mouth being always employed by the ordinary quadrupeds—dogs, cats, and mice, for instance—for the purpose of removing their helpless offspring. The tender embryo would be more liable to injury from the fore-paws; and these, from the absence of a thumb, could not so securely effect the conveyance as the lips, which can be opposed to each other.

The advantages of such a vivarium as that belonging to the Zoological Society of London in the Regent's Park are here strongly manifested. Professor Owen was enabled by his autopsy to correct the error of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, (who had even speculated on the anastomoses and distribution of the continuous vessels, in the neck of the fœtus to account for its junction with the maternal nipple,) and to come to what may be deemed the safe conclusion as to the mode of the removal of the newly-born fœtus to the pouch, where it is probably conducted to and held over a nipple by the mouth of the mother, while the pouch is kept open by her fore-paws, till she feels that her young one has, with its lips, laid hold of the sensitive extremity of the organ from which it is to derive its subsistence.†

But to return to the Thylacines.

They were so very shy and wild, that it was some time before they could be turned into their outer apartment while their sleeping-place was being cleaned, without actual danger to themselves; they threw themselves about so recklessly, dashing themselves in their terror against the walls and bars of their place of confinement. When I saw them out they had a most wild and scared appearance, and made haste to escape from the light of day to the obscurity of their inner den.

The porcupine ant-eater, whose remains Mr. Harris found in the stomach of his Thylacine, is *The hedge-hog* of the Sydney colonists, and, together with the *Ornithorhynchus*, belongs to that other anomalous tribe of quadrupeds to which Geoffroy gave the apt name of Monotremes. In

* Geoffroy first described this perfect contrivance; but, as Professor Owen observes, John Hunter seems to have foreseen the necessity of it, and, indeed, as the professor further remarks, there are evidences in Hunter's preparations in the museum of the college, that he had anticipated most of the anatomical discoveries which have subsequently been made upon the embryo of the kangaroo.

† See Professor Owen's admirable paper "On the Generation of the Marsupial Animals, with a Description of the Impregnated Uterus of the Kangaroo." *Phil. Trans.* 1834.

these the reptilian character still further prevails mingled with that of birds.

Though they have no pouch, they possess the marsupial bones, which, however, play a very different part in them from that assigned to those bones in the kangaroo and true *Marsupiala*. They have a clavicular bone placed more forward than the normal clavicle, reminding the observer of the fureiform bone, or merry-thought in birds, to which, indeed, it is analogous; and the coracoid bone reaches the breast bone. Their eyes are very little, and their ears are without any external appendage.

Their mode of re-production was for a long time considered doubtful; some holding that they laid eggs like the birds and reptiles, and others that the young were brought forth alive. Those who maintained the former theory relied upon stories of nests, and eggs, and egg-shells having been found; but these stories, when subjected to cross-examination, were generally found to bear a very strong resemblance to that method of reasoning which ascribed the existence of the Goodwin Sands to the building of Tenderden steeple.

For example, one sees an ornithorhynchus come from a bank, lands with his native, and finds at the spot from whence the paradoxical animal had retreated a couple of eggs. The native tells the white man that this is the Mallangong's* nest, and that those are its eggs. The eggs are secured, and triumphantly produced as conclusive evidence of the oviparous nature of the animal. They prove to be reticulated externally, and to those conversant with the subject exhibit all the characters of the eggs of a reptile, which may have been there deposited by one of that class, and have been visited by the ornithorhynchus for the purpose of seasoning its insect diet with an *omelette au naturel*. How many of these reptilian eggs the ornithorhynchus may have swallowed before it was disturbed does not appear. But we know that the ornithorhynch burrows; and is it probable that, contrary to all the usual instincts that prompt animals to conceal their nests, eggs, and young, this creature should expose its eggs openly on the bank instead of hiding them in its burrow, if, indeed, it lays eggs at all! We know, too, that each of these monotremes possesses a mammary gland; and the truth, in all probability, is that the eggs of the echidna and ornithorhynchus are hatched internally, and that their young are brought forth alive, as a viper produces hers.

Such are these other extraordinary forms of this extraordinary land. The first, the *hedge-hog* of the colonists—now become very rare in the colony—a toothless, terrestrial, burrowing animal, living on ants, endowed with great strength, and covered with spines. The second, a heteroclit, with the fur of a mole, or, if you will, of a water vole, a bill like a duck—furnished with what may be termed, for want of a better descrip-

* *Mallangong* is the name given to this extraordinary animal by the natives.

tion, an apology for teeth; forming, however, an apparatus amply sufficient for the mastication of its insect food—burrowing in the banks of rivers, and whose palmated feet enable it to swim and dive, making it perfectly at home in the water.

Like the kangaroo* and other Australian animals, these are rapidly disappearing before the march of civilization; and the noble native savage, naked but not ashamed, complains bitterly that the white man's kangaroo, as he terms the sheep and oxen of the colonist, have destroyed *his*, and declares that he ought to have compensation. He has a far better case than many who obtain it from our best of all possible parliaments.

At some future period our readers may wish to form a more particular acquaintance with these monotremes; but at present we must leave them to write a few words on that observed of all observers, the newly-arrived hippopotamus.

26th May.—This day I have seen the first living hippopotamus that ever gratified the eye in this country; or, indeed, I might add in Europe, since the time of the later Roman emperors. It appears on a coin of Marcia Otacilia Severa, the wife of Philip, who was elected by the senate and people upon the assassination of the third Gordian. There is a figure of the beast in one of the tombs of Beni Hassan, far up the Nile, and remarkable for its fresco paintings, where the upward curve of the angle of the mouth is very characteristically given.†

Our specimen was safely lodged in its newly built apartments last night. When I first saw it it was in its bath—a spacious and deep tank, with wooden lining, and with steps for the ease of the bather when going in and out—and put me in mind, as I looked down on the animal's broad, rounded back, of a submerged black portmanteau that had by some fairy freak been endowed with motion. It was in the most perfect health, sank and rose gradually, playfully closed its mouth—the action cannot properly be termed biting—on the woodwork at the side; sank again, and when at the bottom walked leisurely about as if looking for something, wondering, perhaps, why the luxuriant water-plants of Africa were not growing there. After disporting itself some time, it leisurely walked out, and then gave one the idea of a cetacean mounted upon four short pillar-like legs. Its keeper led the way to its sleeping apartment, and the attached animal followed him there like a dog, along the whole length of the giraffe-house to the place where the ostriches were in the winter. The dormitory of the hippopotamus was profusely strewn with clean fresh straw, and the animal having entered it, I had an opportunity of observing him closely. I gently tickled and scratched him about the eyes, muzzle, and ears,

and the good-natured animal lazily lay down like a dog or a pig to enjoy the operation. When I ceased and retired, he rose with playfully open mouth to follow me; and his keeper, Hamet, who was then with him—a fine young man, with a Nubian or Egyptian cast of countenance—was obliged to shut the door of his apartment to keep him in, notwithstanding his remonstrating snort.

The first parts of his organization that struck me were the eyes and the nostrils. The former have, at first sight, a very extraordinary appearance, and convey the idea of enormous projection of the eye-ball; as if such protrusion was the result of some injury or disorder, external or internal. But no. Here is another instance of the most beautiful adaptation. The muscles of the eye must be most powerful, and must be endowed with great versatility, capable of protruding or withdrawing the eye-ball, which can be either projected remarkably, or sunk within the orbit considerably, so as to adapt it for vision in the different media where it is to act, whether the animal be on land, just under the water, or far down beneath its surface. It brought to my mind a similar adaptation in birds, where the bony ring and muscles form a telescopic apparatus in eagles and other birds of prey.

The nostrils, which are so placed that they appear above the surface of the water first when the animal rises from below, can be closed like those of a seal when the animal descends into the deep, and opened when it comes up for the purpose of taking in a supply of air. But though the nostrils can be closed like those of the seal, the machinery for working them must be more complicated than the muscles which enable that animal merely to close or open those gates of breath at pleasure. In the hippopotamus the nostrils, which appeared to me to be situated more vertically than those of the seal, can be mounted up, as it were, by a process indicating the presence of an orbicular sphincter with a protrusive power, so that the air can be taken in with the least possible exposure of the head.

These two portions of its animal machinery are of the greatest consequence to the well-being and safety of an animal that spends so much of its time in the water. The beautifully contrived eye is unlike that of any mammiferous quadruped known to me. It approaches, in its power of rolling round, when it is in a state of protrusion, to that of the chameleon, and, like it, must command a very extensive area. See how admirably this is fitted to the requirements of the animal. If danger threatens, the hippopotamus instinctively rushes to the river; and while there latent, can manage to just lift his head among the water-plants, and roll his eye “like the bull in Cox's museum,” but to much better purpose. If all is safe, and according to his observation he may turn out, he can quit his subaqueous retreat; or, if all be not right, he can quietly sink again and remain in his cool and unapproachable retreat at the bottom, occasionally rising and protruding his

*The frequency of these animals in our parks and menageries a few years since must have been observed by many. Now we rarely see one.

†A copy of this drawing, by Mr. John McGregor, is given in the *Illustrated London News*, 25th May, 1850.

muzzle only for the necessary air-supply, and then down again. Thus, if the animal be on its guard, presenting no mark for a rifle, even if the hand that bore it could "haud out" like that of the Master of Ravenswood.*

Professor Owen, in a most interesting account lately published,† states that the skin is almost flesh-colored round the eyelids, which defend the peculiarly situated and prominent eyes, and that there is a single groove or fold above the upper eyelid and two curved grooves below the lower one. At first sight, he truly says, they seem devoid of eyelashes; but on a close inspection a few very short hairs may be seen on the thick rounded margin of the upper lid. He further observes, that the protruding movement of the eyeball from the prominent socket shows an unusual proportion of the white, over which large conjunctival vessels converged to the margin of the cornea, and that the retraction of the eyeball is accompanied by a protrusion of a large and thick *palpebra nictitans*, and by a simultaneous rolling of the ball obliquely downwards, and inwards, or forwards. There is, he adds, a caruncle, or protuberance, on the middle of the outer surface of the nictitating lid. The color of the iris he describes as dark brown, the pupil as a small transversely oblong aperture, and the eyeball as relatively small and remarkable for the extent of the movements of protraction and retraction.

* Take the evidence of one who would have struck the dollar from between the finger and thumb of the keeper, as cleverly as ever Edgar could have done the feat.

"Seleka had sent men down to the river to seek *sen-cows*"—the name by which the hippopotami are known to the colonists—"and they soon came running after me to say that they had found some. I accordingly followed them to the river, where, in a long, broad, and deep bend, were four hippopotami, two full-grown cows, a small cow, and a calf. At the tail of this pool was a strong and rapid stream, which thundered along, in Highland fashion, over large masses of dark rock.

"On coming to the shady bank, I could at first see only one old cow and calf. When they dived I ran into the reeds, and as the cow came up I shot her in the head; she, however, got away down the river and I lost her. The other three took away up the river, and became very shy, remaining under the water for five minutes at a time, and then only popping their heads up for a few seconds. I accordingly remained quiet behind the reeds, in hope of their dismissing their alarms. Presently the two smaller ones seemed to be no longer alarmed, popping up their entire heads, and remaining above water for a minute at a time, but the third, which was by far the largest, and which I thought must be a bull, continued extremely shy, remaining under the water for ten minutes at a time, and then just showing her face for a second, making a blowing like a whale, and returning to the bottom. I stood there with rifle at my shoulder, and my eye on the sight, until I was quite tired. I thought I should never get a chance at her, and had just resolved to fire at one of the smaller ones, when she shoved up half her head and looked about her. I made a correct shot; the ball cracked loudly below her ear, and the huge body of the sea-cow came floundering to the top. I was enchanted; she could not escape. Though not dead, she had lost her senses, and continued swimming round and round, sometimes beneath and sometimes at the surface of the water, creating a fearful commotion." The victim was afterwards secured, and "her flesh proved most excellent."—*Five years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa, &c.* By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre. 2 vols. 8vo. London: John Murray, Albemarle street. Every page of the book of this mighty hunter teems with moving incidents.

† In the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for June, 1850.

The nostrils, (continues the professor,) situated on prominences which the animal has the power of raising, on the upper part of the broad and massive muzzle, are short, oblique slits, guarded by two valves, which can be opened and closed spontaneously like the eyelids. The movements of these apertures are most conspicuous when the beast is in his favorite element. The wide mouth is chiefly remarkable for the upward curve of its angles towards the eyes, which gives a quaintly comic expression to the massive countenance. The short and small milk-tusks project a little, and the minute deciduous incisors appear to be sunk in grooves or pits of the thick gums; but the animal would not permit any close examination of his teeth; withdrawing his head from the attempt, and then threatening to bite. The muzzle is beset with short bristles, projecting at pretty regular distances; several of them appearing to be split into tufts or pencils of short hairs. Extremely fine and short hairs are scattered all over the back and sides; which are not very obvious, except upon a close inspection. The tail is short, rather flattened, and gradually tapering to an obtuse point.

The animal, when just out of the water, appeared to me to be of a bluish black color above—except the ears, which were flesh color, and which it moved in a vivacious manner—and of a ruddy flesh color below. There was a scar on the left side.

The rictus of the mouth was very grotesque, and made a sharp angle upward when the creature gaped. The skin was dotted at short intervals with the apertures of the muciparous glands exuding the liquor for lubricating the hide. Though, at first sight, the hide looks hairless, it has, now, a short coat of minute hair, as fine as floss silk, or more like the down upon the lip of a youth, or of a very young man. When it was at the bottom of the water I thought the animal looked more blue, or somewhat lighter, and the spots denoting the presence of the muco-sebaceous pores were very conspicuous.

The amphibious character of the animal's life induces us to look for some machinery which enables it to remain below the surface of the water. The venous reservoirs of the seals, and the arterial plexiform receptacles of the whales, will instantly occur to the physiologist. The latter are most complex and ample, as might be expected of organs fitted to secure a supply of aerated blood to the brain, derived from a heart that sends out some ten or fifteen gallons of blood at every stroke, through a tube of a foot in diameter, with immense velocity. One hour and ten minutes ordinarily elapse from the time of a whale's descent below the surface to that of his rising again to breathe, and Leviathan has been known to remain under for an hour and twenty minutes. It has been calculated that about a seventh of his time is consumed in respiration. The seals in their natural state have been known to remain under water for periods varying from a quarter of an hour to five-and-twenty minutes; but, it has been observed, that a seal in confinement has remained asleep with its head under water for an hour at a time. The period during which a hippopotamus can

remain submersed does not appear to have been accurately defined; but as the animal walks leisurely about at the bottom of a river, from five to ten minutes may probably be spent by it when disposed to remain so long without coming up.*

Sparmann and Mr. Cumming are conspicuous among those who have recorded the habits of the hippopotamus in a state of nature. The latter, in his wild and wonderful book, most graphically describes them.

Look on this scene :—

When the sun went down, the sea-cows commenced a march up the river. They passed along opposite to my camp, making the most extraordinary sounds—blowing, snorting and roaring, sometimes crashing through the reeds, and sometimes swimming gently, and splashing and sporting through the water. There being a little moonlight, I went down with my man Carey, and sat sometime on the river's bank contemplating these wonderful monsters of the river. It was a truly grand and very extraordinary scene; the opposite bank of the stream was clad with trees of gigantic size and great beauty, which added greatly to the interest of the picture.—Vol. ii., p. 167.

And again, at p. 171 :—

At every turn there occurred deep, still pools, with occasional sandy islands densely clad with lofty reeds, and with banks covered with reeds to a breadth of thirty yards. Above and beyond these reeds, stood trees of immense age and gigantic size, beneath which grew a long and very rank description of grass, on which the sea-cow delights to pasture. I soon found fresh spoor,† and after holding on for several miles, just as the sun was going down, and as I entered a dense reed cover, I came upon the fresh lairs of four hippopotami. They had been lying sleeping on the margin of the river, and, on hearing me come crackling through the reeds, had plunged into deep water. I at once ascertained that they were newly started, for the froth and bubbles were still on the spot where they had plunged in. Next moment I heard them blowing a little way down the river. I then headed them, and with considerable difficulty, owing to the cover and the reeds, I at length came right down above where they were standing. It was a broad part of the river, with a sandy bottom, and the water came halfway up their sides. There were four of them, three cows and an old bull; they stood in the middle of the river, and, though alarmed, did not appear aware of the extent of the impending danger.

It would be unjust to this painter with a pen, to omit the following grand picture, or to present it in any other than the vivid form which it takes under his hand :—

We had proceeded about two miles, when we came upon some most thoroughly-beaten, old-established hippopotamus paths, and presently, in a broad, long, deep, and shaded pool of the river,‡ we heard the sea-cows bellowing. There I beheld one of the most wondrous and interesting sights

* It is probably reserved for Professor Owen to detect and describe the natural apparatus which enables the hippopotamus to remain under water; but we hope it will be a long time before he will have it in his power to solve the problem.

† Tracks. ‡ The Limpopo.

that a sportsman can be blest with. I at once knew that there must be an immense herd of them, for the voices came from different parts of the pool; so, creeping in through the bushes to obtain an inspection, a large sandy island appeared at the neck of the pool, on which stood several large shady trees.

The neck of the pool was very wide and shallow, with rocks and large stones; below it was deep and still. On a sandy promontory of this island, stood about thirty cows and calves, whilst in the pool opposite, and a little below them, stood about twenty more sea-cows, with their heads and backs above water. About fifty yards further down the river again, showing out their heads, were eight or ten immense fellows, which I think were all bulls; and about one hundred yards below these, in the middle of the stream, stood another herd of about eight or ten cows with calves, and two huge bulls. The sea-cows lay close together like pigs; a favorite position was to rest their heads on their comrades' sterns and sides. The herds were attended by an immense number of the invariable rhinoceros birds, which, on observing me, did their best to spread alarm through the hippopotami. I was resolved to select, if possible, a first-rate old bull out of this vast herd, and I accordingly delayed firing for nearly two hours, continually running up and down behind the thick thorny cover, and attentively studying the heads. At length I determined to go close in, and select the best head out of the eight or ten bulls which lay below the cows. I accordingly left the cover, and walked slowly forward in full view of the whole herd, to the water's edge, where I lay down on my belly, and studied the heads of these bulls. The cows, on seeing me, splashed into the water, and kept a continual snorting and blowing till night set in.—P. 194.

Upon another occasion (p. 218) Mr. Cumming fell in with a herd of about thirty hippopotami—they lay upon some rocks in the middle of a very long and broad pool; and, again, with at least thirty lying upon the rocks in the middle of the river. He describes the noise made by the hippopotami as similar to that of the musical instrument called a serpent. The following truculent trap will be as new to most of my readers as it is to me :—

On the 20th (July) I again rode down the river to the pool, and found a herd of sea-cows still there; so I remained with them till sun-down, and bagged two very first-rate old sea-cows, which were forthcoming next day. This day I detected a most dangerous trap, constructed by the Bakalahari for slaying sea-cows. It consisted of a sharp little assagai, or spike, most thoroughly poisoned, and stuck firmly into the end of a heavy block of thorn wood, about four feet long, and five inches in diameter. This formidable affair was suspended over the centre of a sea-cow path, at a height of about thirty feet from the ground, by a bark cord, which passed over a high branch of a tree, and thence to a peg on one side of the path beneath, leading across the path to a peg on the other side, where it was fastened. To the suspending cord were two triggers, so constructed, that when the sea-cow struck against the cord which led across the path, the heavy block above was set at liberty, which instantly dropped with immense force with its poi-

sonous dart, inflicting a sure and mortal wound. The bones and old teeth of sea-cows, which lay rotting along the bank of the river here, evinced the success of this dangerous invention.—P. 197.

But we must unwillingly leave this fascinating journal, penned amid the wildest, grandest, and most stirring scenes that ever blessed or shocked a wild hunter's vision, to return to the private history of our obese, tame, but most amusing baby. Its capture, in fulfilment of the nod of the friendly autocrat who presented it, was effected at the commencement of August, in the bygone year, up the Nile, nearly two thousand miles from Cairo, when its bulk was about that of a newly-dropped calf, but its proportions were much stouter, and its height much lower. Its unfortunate mother was mortally wounded, and her attempt to return towards some bushes growing thickly on the river's bank, instead of taking as usual to the water, attracted the notice of the hunters, who found the calf there among the rank grass. It slipped through their fingers, however, and instantly made for the river, which it would have gained, if one of the party had not struck the boathook into its flank, gaffing it as an angler would a large fish. The mark of this wound it still bears, as above-mentioned.

It soon became much attached to those who had the care of it, treating them as standing *in loco parentis*, and looking to them for the supply of its wants. On its passage in the Ripon steam-ship, whence it was landed at Southampton on the morning of the 25th of May, its keeper's hammock was slung over its berth, as I was told. The poor man must have had but a disturbed time of it, for his fond charge could not bear his absence without showing anxiety bordering on distress, and at night, as I was informed, would knock up, ever and anon, with his chowder head, as Jack would call it, at the overhanging hammock, to ascertain whether his sable friend was there.

The strong attachment of the animal to its keeper, (writes Professor Owen, in the narrative to which we have already referred,) removed every difficulty in its various transfers from ship to train, and from wagon to its actual abode. On arriving at the gardens, the Arab who had the charge of it walked first out of the transport van, with a bag of dates over his shoulder, and the beast trotted after him, now and then lifting up its huge, grotesque muzzle, and sniffing at its favorite dainties, with which it was duly rewarded on entering its apartment. When I saw the hippopotamus the next morning, it was lying on its side in the straw, with its head resting against the chair on which its swarthy attendant sat; it now and then uttered a soft complacent grunt, and lazily opening its thick, smooth eyelids, leered at its keeper.

After lying quietly about an hour, now and then raising its head and swiveling its eyeballs towards the keeper, or playfully opening its huge mouth and threatening to bite the leg of the chair on which its keeper sat, the hippopotamus rose and walked slowly about its room, and then uttered a loud and short harsh note, four or five times in quick succession, reminding one of the snort of a horse, and ending with an explosive sound like a

bark. The keeper understood the language, and told us that the animal was expressing its desire to return to its bath. The beast at this time was in one of the compartments of the wing of the giraffe house, on the opposite side to that in which its bath is prepared. It carries its head rather depressed, and reminded me most of a huge prize hog, but with a breadth of muzzle and other features peculiarly its own. The keeper opened the door leading into the giraffe's paddock, and walked through that to the new wing containing the bath, the hippopotamus following like a dog close to his heels. On arriving at the bath-room, the animal descended with some deliberation the flight of low steps leading into the water, stooped and drank a little, dipped his head under, and then plunged forwards. It was no sooner in its favorite element than its whole aspect changed, and it seemed inspired with new life and activity; sinking down to the bottom, and moving about submerged for awhile, it would suddenly rise with a bound almost bodily out of the water, and splashing back, commenced swimming and plunging about with a cetaceous or porpoise-like rolling from side to side, taking in mouthfuls of water and spouting them out again, raising every now and then its huge grotesque head, and biting the woodwork at the margin of the bath. The broad, round back of the animal being now chiefly in view, it looks a much larger animal than when out of the water. After half-an-hour spent in this amusement, it quitted the water at the call of its keeper, and followed him back to the sleeping-room, which is well bedded with straw, and where a stuffed sack is provided for its pillow, of which the animal, having a very short neck, thicker than the head, duly avails itself when it sleeps.

I was told that when it was at Cairo it ate a good deal of clay; and the Arabs, it seems, have expressed a desire that it should have some here. I believe that it is perfectly safe in the hands of Mr. Mitchell; and if it should be thought fit to indulge it with clay, those whom its odd ways delight may rest secure that Mr. Mitchell will not let Hippo be bricked up with our London clay; but if clay must be given, will prescribe some of the mud of the Colne or Thames, wherein the water-lilies grow so luxuriantly. In the stomachs of the young hippopotamus opened by Sparrman, there was a good deal of "dirt," with curd and leaves quite fresh; and it is not improbable that this "dirt" may be required by the animal to correct the acidity arising from its diet, as calves lick chalk. In scooping up the water-plants from the bottoms of rivers and their banks with the enormous dental apparatus of the lower jaw, a considerable quantity of the soil must be taken up, and that some of it finds its way to the stomach is evident from Sparrman's evidence.

Two of his attendants, Jabar Abou Haijab and Mohammed Abou Merwan—these, as far as I can make them out, are their names—are snake-charmers, of whom and of whose performance I shall have something to say hereafter. The former, an old man, was employed by the French *savans* in Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition, and collected reptiles for Geoffrey; the latter Arab, who appears to be some fifteen years of age, and

is the principal performer with the serpents, is, I have heard, his nephew, and is the playfellow of the hippopotamus. When I saw him, on the occasion of my first view of his playmate, he had a gold ear-ring and a gold finger-ring, and was clad in fantastic costume, with a feather in his head-gear, and in an old pair of Wellington boots, long since unacquainted with blacking, and a world too wide for his bare shanks. Of these he seemed more proud than of all the rest of his apparel put together, but they so galled his naked feet that they soon brought him to poultices, and he has since taken to stockings and slippers. A complaint has, I hear, been brought against him for teasing the monkeys, which he excites into a frantic state. Sheetan*—the name in which he rejoices among his familiars—pleaded guilty, and begged hard that one of the monkeys might be assigned to him for education—the height of his ambition at present being to teach his cheiroped scholar to charm serpents.

His games of romps with the hippopotamus are first-rate. After a little provocation by eccentric antics, which would have done credit to Flibbertigibbet himself, he flies, and his obese four-footed frolicsome friend shuffles after him with his mouth open—and such a mouth!—in all the beauty of ugliness. This playful running after its friends open-mouthed may be interpreted in two ways: first, as it would act with its mother, half in play, half as a hint for nourishment; and secondly, as a lamb, a goat, or a calf butts, before their horns have budded, betraying a consciousness on the part of our gambolling pachyderm of the locality where the terrible offensive armour is to be with which hereafter he may bite with a vengeance.

Professor Owen states that we may reckon this young animal to be ten months old, and that it is now seven feet long, and six and a half feet in girth at the middle of the barrel-shaped trunk, which is supported, clear of the ground, on very short and thick legs, each terminated by four spreading hoofs, of which the innermost is the smallest on the forefoot; the two middle ones, answering to those which are principally developed in the hog, are the largest in both feet.

The hind-limb (writes Professor Owen in continuation) is buried in the skin of the flank nearly to the prominence of the heel. Thick flakes of cuticle are in process of detachment from the sole. There is a well-defined white patch behind each foot, but I looked in vain for any indications of the glandular orifice which exists in the same part in the rhinoceros. The naked hide covering the broad back and sides is of a dark India-rubber color, impressed by numerous fine wrinkles crossing each other, but disposed almost transversely. When I first saw the beast it had just left its bath, and a minute drop of a glistening secretion was exuding from each of the conspicuous mucosebaceous pores, which are dispersed over the whole integument, at intervals of from eight lines to an inch. This gave the

hide, as it glistened in the sunshine, a very peculiar aspect. When the animal was younger the secretion had a reddish color, and being poured out more abundantly, the whole surface became painted over with it every time he quitted his bath.

Nothing can be more correct than this admirable description, with the exception of the alleged nakedness of the skin. The integument, at first sight, *does* appear naked; but it is found, as I have stated above, on a close inspection, to be covered with very fine downy hairs, which will, probably, totally or partially vanish as the animal advances in age.

The gambols and civilities of this denizen of the Nile are not confined to his keepers. I had been told that, when out in the giraffe-paddock, one of the giraffes had bowed down its head to him one day, and that the hippopotamus opened his mouth and took the giraffe's muzzle into the gulf, which seems to be his way of kissing. On Sunday, the 9th of June, I saw one of the giraffes do the same thing, with exactly the same result. He had, I have been told, formed an acquaintance with a giraffe which was to have been brought over with him, but was unfortunately drowned.

Such is the quadruped whose animal magnetism *Punch* has so forcibly depicted attracting the crowds who are hurrying to its presence. If a mate—and this is far from improbable—should be sent over to join him in August by the same liberal and friendly potentate to whom we owe the present object of admiration, who shall predict the consequence of the double attraction?

The third Gordian did not live to see the portentous games for which he had caused so vast an assemblage of wild beasts to be brought to Rome. The *milliarium saculum* was celebrated by Philip not without suspicion, almost amounting to proof, that the blood of his predecessor was on his head. Philip, in his turn, did not live long after the celebration of that prolonged festival, during which two thousand gladiators at once joined in the death-struggle for the gratification of the people. Defeated by Decius, who had got himself proclaimed emperor in Pannonia, Philip fell under the merciless hands of his own soldiers near Verona, in the year of Christ 249, before he had completed his forty-fifth year, and before the fifth year of his enjoyment of his bad eminence had run its course. The hippopotamus, which formed a principal feature in those murderous diversions, appears not only on the large brass of Otacilia Severa, but also on one of Philip, (about A. D. 247,) and on another of Hadrian. These, and the well-known plinth of the statue of Nilus, show how familiar this huge form was to Roman eyes.

I have not heard whether Mr. Wyon has been directed to strike a medal to commemorate this substantial gift of his highness the Viceroy of Egypt, or whether Mr. Gibson has received a commission to immortalize him in marble; but there can be no doubt that Sir Edwin Landseer must hand down his likeness to posterity.

* Satana.

From the Examiner, 10th Aug.

DENMARK AND THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

THE recent Conference of London held upon Danish affairs, with the Protocol and the final Treaty, in which the labors of the Conference have ended, proves to be something of a riddle to the greater part of the world. It is a riddle, moreover, which the press seems to have tasked itself to obscure rather than to explain. The whole secret of it is briefly this. The Germans took advantage of the movement of 1818 to make their country a maritime power. They ordered a fleet, and claimed Holstein and Schleswig, with some reason, as part of their Confederation. This gave them both banks of the Elbe, and it gave them Kiel. But now the four great maritime powers of Europe—France, Russia, England, and Denmark—have come together to declare, through their plenipotentiaries, that Germany shall not be a naval power. And that Germany shall not have the means to become so, they propose to effect by their united arrangement that Holstein shall appertain in future, and at present, to the King of Denmark. Thus one bank of the navigable Elbe remains anti-German; whilst the Eyder, and every port and passage of that important peninsula which separates the Baltic from the ocean, is equally declared Danish. Germany, its powers, and its Confederation, are forbidden to meddle with it. Germans are not to pretend to become a naval power.

Unfortunately, however, the surest mode of directing all the jealousies and energies of a great country in the direction of one object, is to insult and pique it by the declaration that it shall not be allowed to obtain that object. The result of the prohibition of the London Conference can only be to grave deeper into the German heart the desire to get possession of the mouth and the course of the Elbe, and to command that part of the Chersonesus which is, by the race and tongue of its inhabitants, as well as by the old law and demarcation of Europe, German. If ever a German king wants to be popular, if ever a German patriot desires to kindle and inflame the national enthusiasm, they will point to Holstein, and say, "There is a German country, wrung from Germany by the dictation of foreign powers. Let us march to retake our own at any risk." Should this be the case, England, France, and Russia are now bound to go to war with Germany to prevent it. But each or all of these countries would go to war for such a purpose only so far as suited their own convenience at the time. France would at any time sell its protection of Denmark for one Rhenish town. And England!—what English minister dare ask its people to go to war in order to give Holstein to Denmark? What do the people of England care for Danifying Holstein?

The treaty concluded last week in London, therefore, we consider to be an utter nullity, and of nothing more than momentary force or efficacy. It may perhaps, for the present, put the King of

Denmark in full possession of the Duchies, although even this is not so clear. But that it will finally and permanently preserve them to him, must depend upon his mode of governing them, and attaching their populations to him. As a despot, ruling by the sword, and guided in his policy by the orders or councils of Russia, the sway of the King of Denmark over the German Duchies will not be worth an old song.

But, although the maritime powers have had a common object in driving away the Germans from the sea, and restraining them from grasping any fork of Neptune's trident, they each have other and more peculiar views in the matter. Russia wants to keep the Danish empire in its integrity, together with the guardianship of the Sound, for the Duke of Oldenburg, relative of the emperor. England, whose interests are obstructed and menaced by the extension of the too prohibitive Zollverein, had seen with distaste this Zollverein not only spreading into Holstein, but swallowing up Hamburg and Mecklenburg; and by this treaty it secures at least Holstein, while it renders the adhesion of Hamburg to the fiscal system of Russia doubtful. France dreads not merely the maritime development of Germany, but its territorial unity; and would prefer seeing the Germans crippled by being thrust into the narrow cage of their old Diet and Constitution.

Whether these petty reasons have speciousness and strength enough to eke out the insufficiency of the principal motive remains for every one to judge. What we have principally to mark is, that the treaty is unjust. It runs not only counter to the old law of Europe and the rights of the Duchies, but to the clauses and arrangement of the treaty of Vienna. As to the peace of the north, and the integrity of the Danish dominions, both might have been most satisfactorily provided for by the King of Denmark granting representative institutions to the Duchies, and acceding to their moderate demands. Instead of this, the subjugation of them by the sword, without a single fair or honest offer to conciliate or appease them, cannot but convert Holstein into a very focus of discontent and rebellion, which nothing will be able to keep down but a large and permanent army, like that which occupies Hungary. France and Austria are expiring under the weight and expense of military government. Such a system would utterly ruin Denmark. Yet such is the necessity and such the prospects to which its allies now consign it.

From the Examiner, Aug. 10th.

AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.

THE state of Germany at the present moment is so critical that it well deserves the attention of every one interested in the fate of Europe.

The Austrian and Prussian difference is coming to a crisis. These governments have so long been trifling with the real wishes of the German people, and have so often used the watchwords, "German

Union," and "German Power," as blinds to their own struggle for supremacy, that no one now thinks of trusting their most solemn assurances. They are universally discredited and disbelieved. A hidden purpose is suspected in their most simple doings.

The war has been carried on diplomatically for some time. Each party, however, having meanwhile published its case, and courted the concurrence of public opinion, they are at last arrived at a point when one or other must retreat, or the sword decide where the pen has failed. Austria has for several months past been gaining on Prussia with rapid strides. The proposals of the Austrian minister for a commercial union of all Germany and Austria with her non-German states, to which we lately adverted, have produced their effect. Prussia has met with so strong an opposition in the Zollverein Congress at Cassel, that she has been forced to withdraw her proposition for changes in the tariff. Several members in the Congress, and these the most powerful, have demanded that the Austrian proposals should be taken into consideration in preference to a continuance of the present Verein. Nor has Austria failed to take advantage of this manifestation in her favor. On the 21st of July she addressed a note of remonstrance to the court of Prussia, which, as it appears to have failed in producing any effect in the quarter to which it was formally sent, has been handed over for publication to the Vienna journals, that it may at least act on the German public, for whom in reality it was doubtless written.

In this note Prince Schwartzberg complains bitterly of the neglect with which his proposals for an Austrian-German constitution have been met by Prussia.

Twice already, on the 30th of December, 1849, and again on the 30th May, 1850, has the I. R. Austrian government applied to all the States of Germany, and in particular to the R. Prussian government, and expressed in detailed memoranda its wishes for the conclusion of an Austro-German Customs Union!

He protests, in continuation, there could be no doubt of the sincerity of his government in this step; and that this may be tested by the extensive commercial reforms, on a similar principle already introduced in the states of Austria. In corroboration of his statement, he instances the revision of the tariff, the removal of the Elbe dues, and the abolition of the line of customs between Hungary, Transylvania, and Croatia, and the rest of Austria. He then insists on the advantage to be derived from setting commerce free from all restraint over a space of 22,000 German square miles, including a population of 70,000,000, bounded by three of the most frequented seas, and watered by three of the largest rivers in Europe. No one, he observes, can question such an advantage. For the removing of any difficulties in this plan, he continues, a manifest way was open; and Prussia had not thought it deserving even her considera-

tion, notwithstanding the interest it had excited among the German governments, as well as among the German public and the German press. In answer to the first note of Austria, the Prussian government had indeed intimated a consent to treat, on condition that Prussia should appear in the name of the Union, and Austria in that of the rest of Germany. But Prince Schwartzberg, with considerable show of dignity, declines this dictatorial assumption of power; maintains the old German Confederation as the proper organ for such arrangements; declares the impossibility even of any preliminary discussions, without the presence of such powers as Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg, as well as eventually Hanover, and, at least, one of the other states unconnected with the Verein; and, in short, presents a case of haughty pretensions on the part of the upstart, grasping Prussia, and of well-effected humility from the ancient head of the empire, such as can hardly fail of the effect sought to be produced.

The Congress of Cassel, proceeds the Austrian minister, might naturally have afforded an opportunity for introducing these proposals to the states of the Verein. Such, indeed, is well known to have been the wish of the most influential of them. But, instead of that, Prussia had proposed a number of changes in the tariff, uncalled for by the interests of commerce, and directed only to the injury of Austria. The linens of Bohemia were no longer to enjoy the advantages hitherto granted them; the duties on shawls and other articles of Austrian manufacture were to be increased; and although the duties on raw produce in general were diminished, those on raw silk, which is almost entirely procured from Austria, were naturally augmented. The same spirit had been manifested in the Prussian treatment of the Elbe dues, whereas those of Austria had been in the highest degree liberal.

The Austrian government can with the greatest confidence leave these proceedings to be estimated as they deserve by the other governments of Germany, and by public opinion.

Such is the tenor of Prince Schwartzberg's memorable note. It should be added that it contains no mention of the political union of the non-German provinces of Austria, which, as we formerly showed, would furnish an insurmountable difficulty to the acceptance of the Austrian proposals by the rest of Germany. It is generally understood, however, that the government has given up the idea of ruling Hungary as a part of Austria; and that the old constitution, modified and reformed, will be restored. This guaranteed, to the commercial union of Hungary with Germany there could be little objection. It would certainly be received as a boon by that country; if not as all they could have wished, yet as much more than they have yet enjoyed. Thus one great objection to an Austro-German Customs Union would be certainly done away with. To say the truth, there is altogether such an air of sincerity in the note, that we are half inclined to

believe that the Austrian minister is persuaded of the possibility of carrying it out, and anxious to do so. There are still, however, many clashing interests to conciliate, and many sacrifices to be made; these will only be mastered by a power which enjoys the confidence of the German people, and the question remains whether Austria is honestly desirous of obtaining that confidence.

The Schleswig-Holstein treaty has meanwhile enabled her to aim another blow at Prussia. Encouraged in their revolt so long by Prussia, the Duchies have been deserted by her to curry favor with Russia. But now all the German princes, although satisfied to see revolt in misfortune, refuse to ratify the treaty; and Austria throws the blame on Prussia, who, she says, by obstinate refusal to unite with the rest of Germany on terms of equality, prevents the formation of a central German power capable of protecting German interests.

Nor does her well-managed game end here. While thus fishing for popularity in Germany, she has been strengthening herself still more by a change in her domestic policy. Extensive amnesties, including many hundred persons who took part in the revolution in Hungary, as well as in the October revolt in Vienna, have been granted. "In consequence," it is expressly stated, "of the milder policy which his majesty has determined to pursue," all extra-legal commissions are dissolved, and all prosecutions removed to the ordinary courts of law. Refugees, who are not deeply compromised, are invited to return. Vienna is to be relieved from the state of siege. At the same time important reductions have been made in the army; and, in consequence of these acts and their effect on public opinion, the Austrian funds have risen, and the price of gold and silver has materially decreased.

If Austria continues to pursue this policy, and to strengthen her power at home and abroad by such acts, it is well. But if all is done merely to gain a momentary advantage over a rival, she will not escape the defeat and disappointment, sure and speedy, which treachery so infamous would merit.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE papers have published a note by Chevalier Bunsen to Lord Palmerston, on the Schleswig-Holstein affair, in which he communicates the entire approbation by his government of his refusal to join in the European protocol to which the other great powers have become parties. He dwells on a phrase in that protocol, new to the international law of Germany—"the original integrity of the Danish monarchy" that expression, he says, "is neither more exact in point of international law, nor less politically threatening towards Germany, than would be the expression, 'the integrity of the Dutch monarchy,' in a sense implying that the Duchie of Luxemburg was considered to form, in conjunction with Holland, the Dutch monarchy."

On Sunday, 11th August, the Rev. George Cornelius Gorham was inducted to the living of Bramford Speke. The Rev. Mr. Howard, of St. Thomas, officiated on the occasion, in the place of the Archdeacon Moore Stevens. The reverend gentleman preached an excellent sermon to a numerous congregation.—*Devonshire paper*.

THERE are 14,000 enrolled friendly societies in this country, having 1,600,000 members, an annual revenue amounting to £2,800,000, and an accumulated capital of £6,400,000. A still greater number of minor friendly societies are not enrolled, and do not therefore possess the privileges and means of self-protection enjoyed by the former. It is estimated that there are 33,223 societies in this position in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; having 3,052,000 members, an annual revenue of £4,980,000, and with funds amounting to so large a sum as £11,360,000, the praiseworthy accumulations of the purely industrial classes. Indeed, half of the laboring male adult population are members of benefit societies.—*The Reporter*.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge are about making a grant of £3,000 to the Bishop of Toronto, towards securing the endowment of a college of a permanent character in connection with the Church in his diocese.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* furnishes to that journal an abstract of the testamentary dispositions made by Sir Robert Peel. They consist of a will dated the 8th of March, 1842, extending over more than fifty sheets of brief-paper, and of three codicils, dated in 1842, 1844, and March, 1849. The dispositions of the property are the usual ones for entailing on the eldest living branch of his family great landed estates, and for dividing equally among the junior branches the remainder of his property already personalty or to be converted into it by the trustees. The first codicil, in very great detail, gives a great number of legacies to his stewards and servants; generally proportioning them in amount to the length of service. The last codicil relates solely to Sir Robert Peel's "literary possessions," and is framed to this effect—

He bequeaths all his manuscripts and correspondence, which he states he presumes to be of great value, as showing the character of great men of his age, unto Lord Mahon and Mr. Cardwell, with the fullest power to destroy such as they think fit; and he directs that his correspondence with her majesty and her consort shall not be published during their lives without their express consent first had and obtained; for them (the trustees) to make arrangements for the safe custody and for the publication of such of them as they may think fit, and to give all or any of them to public institutions; and the codicil contains general directions for the custody of such as shall not be disposed of in such manner. Bequeaths to Lord Mahon and Mr. Cardwell 1,000*l.* upon trust, to invest and to apply the income, and the principal if required, in the execution of his wishes; as also a recompense to each for their trouble and pains.

Probate of the documents was passed; and the duty paid was for personal assets under 500,000*l.*

THE French council of state has just decided that the Standish Gallery and the Spanish Museum in the Louvre, are the personal property of the ex-King Louis Philippe.

Spectacles: their Uses and Abuses in Long and Short Sightedness. By J. Sichel, M. D. Translated from the French, by permission of the Author, by H. W. Williams, M. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The contents of this volume, translated from the French of Sichel, by Dr. Williams, of this city, first appeared in the *Annales d'Oculistique*, of Brussels, in 1845. We believe that they traverse a scientific field hitherto almost unoccupied, and they were translated as an authority for those medical practitioners whose attention has not been particularly called to the topics discussed, but whose advice is often requested in ordinary practice. "The Use and Abuse of Spectacles" may not appear to be a very weighty subject to the general reader; but if one half that is stated by Dr. Sichel be correct, the comfort of middle-aged and old people would be more largely increased by the perusal of his volume, than by a settlement of all the vexed questions of the day in politics if not in religion. The evils resulting from a use of improper spectacles are set forth at length, and are enough to frighten any victim of presbyopia or myopia. Phillips, Sampson & Co. have published the book in their usual elegant style. The print is quite large and very clear—as it ought to be, indeed, in a work intended to benefit users of spectacles.

Post.

The Last Enemy Conquering and Conquered, by George Burgess, D. D., Bishop of the P. E. Church in Maine. Philadelphia: H. Hooker. 1850.

This volume is replete with beautiful thoughts and beautifully expressed; it is written with great judgment and in a solemn strain which befits the awful subject. The dark and gloomy views of life and death held by the benighted pagans and heathens, are admirably contrasted with the glorious hopes and pleasing promises made to the faithful believer in his divine Lord. The arrangement, in short chapters, each illustrating some particular subject, is very happy, and well adapted to secure the attention of the reader and suggest a suitable train of reflection without weariness. Our friend, the *Banner of the Cross*, says—

"We esteem this one of the most useful practical works which have lately issued from the press, and it is well fitted to guide the living by its wise instructions, and to sustain the dying with blessed hopes, so that they may 'walk through the valley of the shadow of death fearing no evil.'"—*Churchman*.

This work is remarkable for the practical and attractive style in which it exhibits and illustrates a solemn subject. It will be read with interest and advantage by many who would shrink from treatises of a more abstract character. And by bringing many readers to serious considerations, which they will find less forbidding than they anticipated, it will doubtless be productive of much good. The work is worthy, in all respects, of the position and reputation of the author.—*South. Church.*

The Literary Reader, consisting of selections in prose and verse from American and foreign writers, by Miss A. Hall, author of the "Manual of Morals." 12mo. 408 pages. Published by J. P. Jewett & Co., Cornhill.

We are most favorably impressed with the plan and execution of this new school Reader. It contains selections from a large number of ancient as well as modern writers (some 125) of celebrity, including such men as Sir Thomas More, A. D. 1480-1535; Hugh Latimer, 1535; George Cavendish, Edmund Spencer, Richard Hall, Isaac Walton, John Milton, Jeremy Taylor, &c. The book will be found very useful to teachers in connection with the study of rhetoric, furnishing, as it does, examples of all the various styles of composition prevalent at different periods and in different countries. One of its peculiarities consists in a concise but comprehensive biographical notice of each author from whom selections are made.

[This notice of a book we have not read is copied from the *Traveller*. Our knowledge of the compiler enables us to recommend any work prepared by her.]

Sleep psychologically considered, with reference to Sensation and Memory. By Blanchard Fosgate, M. D. New York: George P. Putnam.

The object of this essay, as we learn from the introduction, is to show that during sleep the mental faculties are as active as during wakefulness; that memory is no criterion by which to judge of the mind in sleep, and that the mind is dependent upon the integrity of the organs of external sensation for a remembrance of what transpires during this state. The volume is full of interesting illustrations in favor of the author's views.—*Com. Adv.*

A very valuable manual of European Geography and History, under the title of *Europe, Past and Present*, has just been published by Mr. Putnam, in a thick, neatly printed duodecimo volume. It is by Dr. Ungewitter, a German scholar of ability and extensive information, who is now a resident of this country and is well known in his own land by several geographical works which he has written and which have obtained a good deal of celebrity. The work contains a full description of each state of Europe, with the leading incidents of its history, statistics of its population, commerce, &c., and thus embodies an immense amount of very useful and interesting information. It merits a high degree of public favor.

N. Y. Courier.

A New Paper. We have received "Cyf 1, Rhyl 1," of "Y Ddiholydd," a Welsh newspaper just started at Remsen in this state. There is a profound article on "Hen ddyddiau a hen bodi," and a dialogue entitled "Cyf-Ymddyddan." We trust the editors will conduct this paper in the spirit of their motto: "Profech bob peth; deliwech yr hyn sydd dda."—*Tribune*.

"*De Nørskes Ven*," is the title of a new Norwegian paper, started on the 19th ult. at Madison, Wisconsin, by Ole Togerson. It is a neat little sheet, issued at \$1.50 per annum, in advance, and will doubtless be extensively patronized by the Scandinavians of the western country. We presume it takes the place of the "*Nordlyset*," which was suspended some time ago.—*Tribune*.

Irving's Conquest of Grenada is republished by G. P. Putnam, as a part of the handsome edition of Irving's Works, now issued by that publisher. The work is too well known to need our commendation. The annals of a romantic age, and the fate of a people of peculiar character, are gracefully related.—*N. Y. Ev. Post*.

Ticknor, Reed & Fields have just issued an elegant edition of a work which has long been out of print in this country, "*The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*." This famous book has passed through numberless editions, gaining, in the process, a world-wide reputation. It may be doubted, however, whether it would make so noticeable an impression upon the world, if published to-day for the first time. Still, it is almost, if not quite, a unique in literature, and is a very interesting and powerful production. Ticknor & Co. intend to publish the other productions of De Quincey, uniform with this present volume.—*Boston Post*.

Leigh Hunt's Autobiography is republished by the Harpers in two duodecimo volumes. It is a delightful book; delightful in what relates to the author, and no less so in what relates to the men of letters who were his contemporaries and friends. Few writers of the time have that charm of pleasant and amiable companionship which belongs to all Hunt's prose writings. In one part of the work he complains that, large as has been the circulation of his writings in America, he never received a doir from them from this country. We sincerely hope the present republication is an exception to this remark.

N. Y. Ev. Post.

Lossing's Picture Field Book of the Revolution, published by the brothers Harper, has reached its fifth number. Several extremely well executed portraits in wood, with fac similes of the hand-writing of men distinguished in American history, add to the interest of the work. Mr. Lossing is performing a valuable service by these gleanings of local history.

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages, and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

AGENCIES.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

POSTAGE.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4 cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1 cent.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

MONTHLY PARTS.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

E. LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

WASHINGTON, 27 Dec. 1845.

OF all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

